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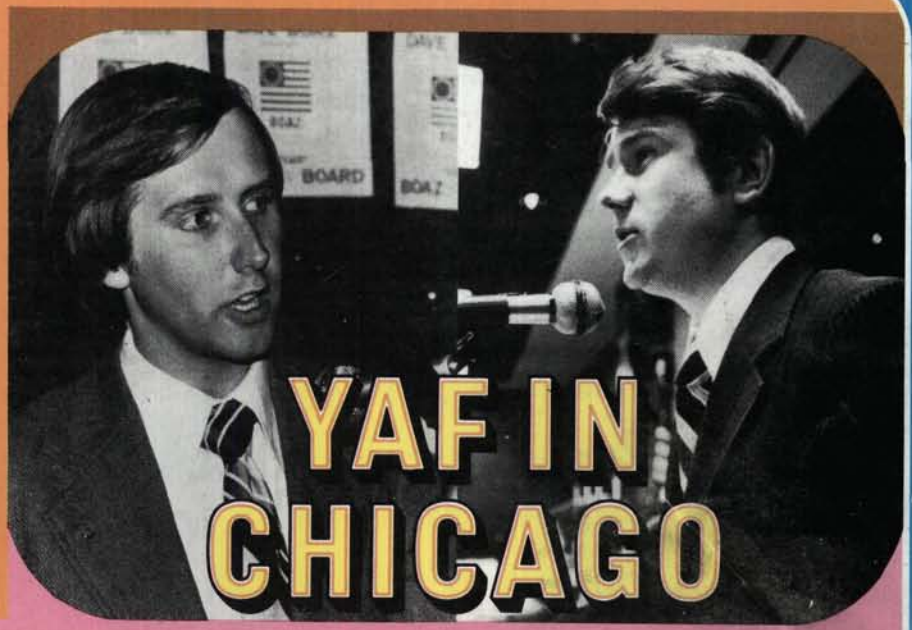

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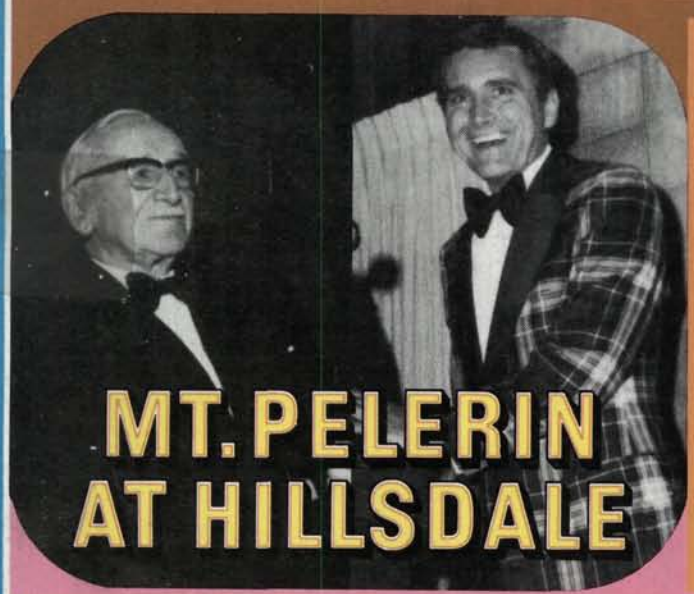

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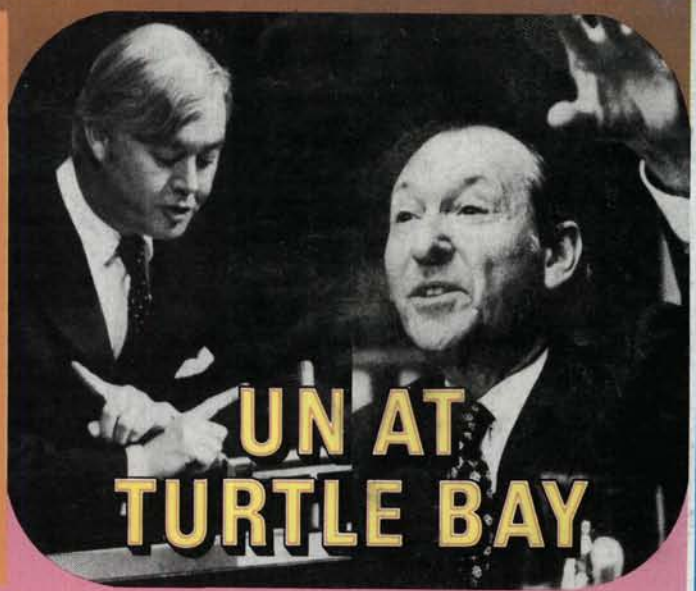

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WILSON AT WES

ARTICLES BY:

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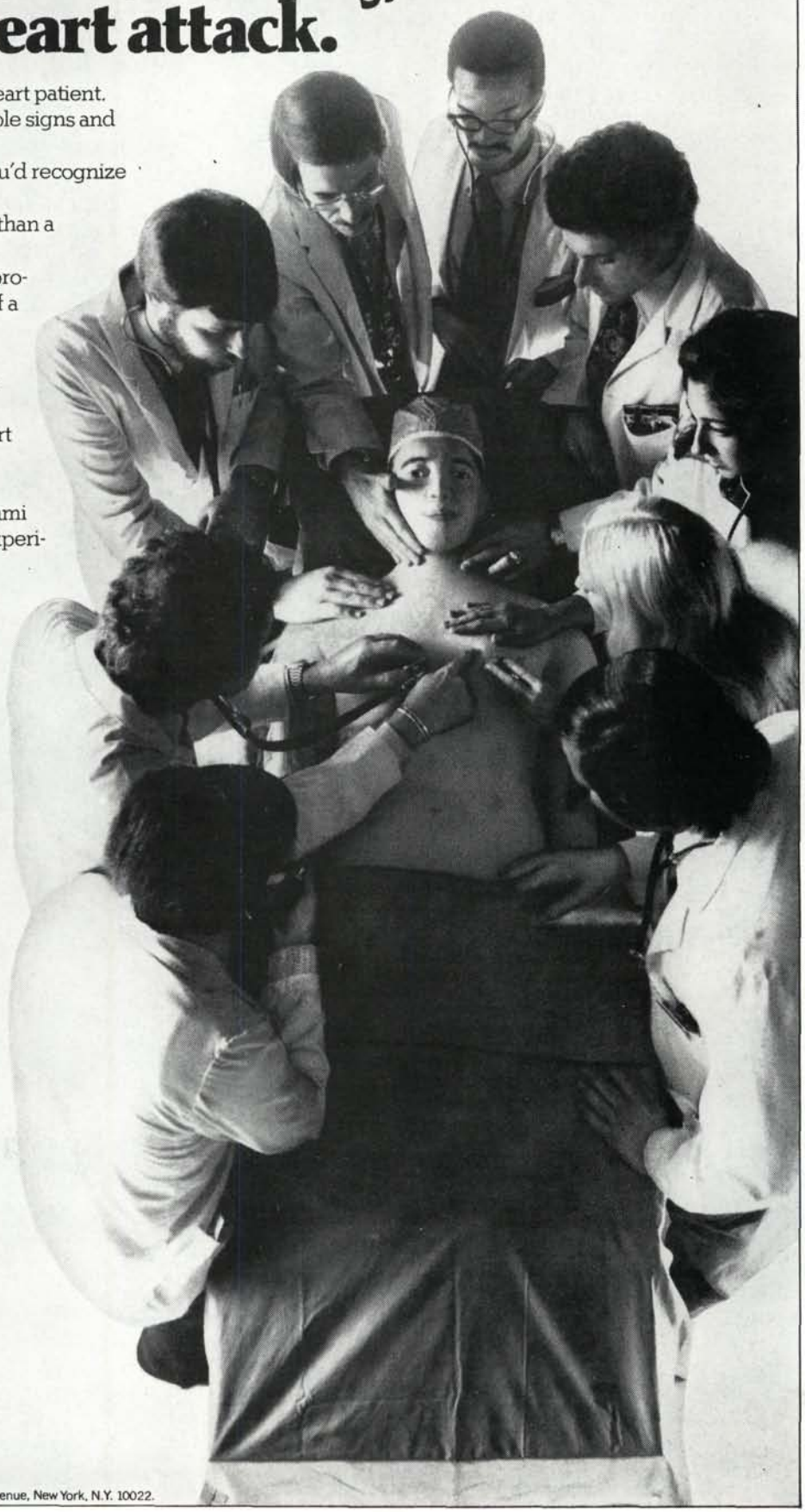

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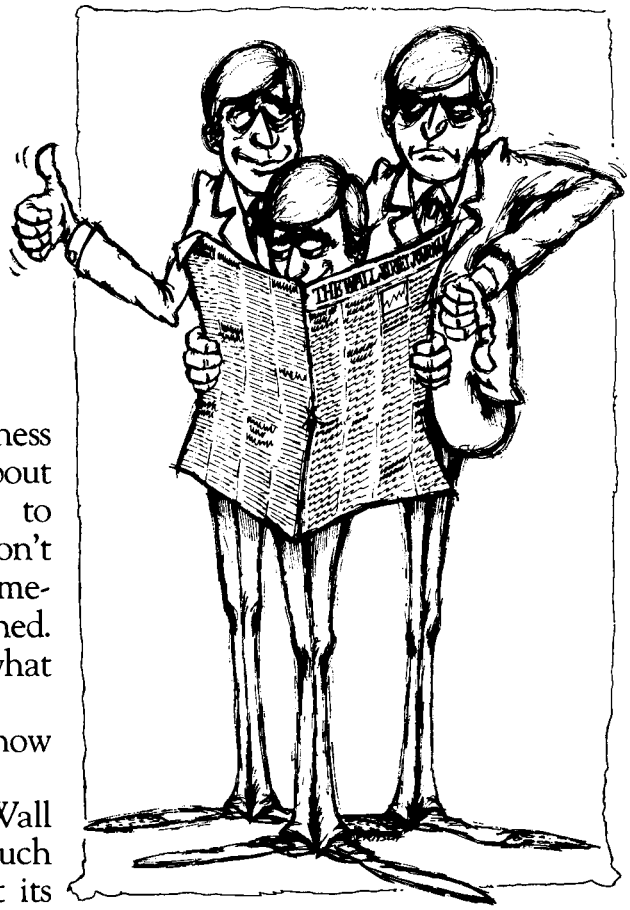

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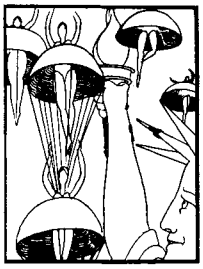

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Letters

Panama Giveaway

Your spread on the Panama Canal ["The Panama Question: An Alternative to U.S. Defeatism," by Robert S. Strother and James P. Lucier, Sept. 12] was quite an eye-opener.

Latin America, *New York Times* columnist William Safire once said, is a land of MEGOs—My Eyes Glaze Over stories, which are much more important than they are interesting.

But Strother and Lucier have made the Panama story very interesting indeed: the kind of fighting issue it ought to be. Now that they mention it, why *should* we supinely let someone else have *our* Canal: the Canal that our men and our money built? Henry Kissinger may have been too preoccupied with the Eastern Hemisphere to consider Panama as carefully as it deserves, but the giveaway is not yet a *fait accompli.*

Chicago, Ill. JULIE WILCOX

Solzhenitsyn

Mr. Buckley, in his introduction to "The Strangled Cry of Solzhenitsyn" [August 29], says of Mr. Solzhenitsyn. "It is difficult to handle him."

That is profound, and says much, says for example why it is that conservatives admire Solzhenitsyn so much. The conservative philosophy is based on freedom, and Solzhenitsyn is difficult to handle because he is, surely, the freest man on the face of the earth.

Cheverly, Md. JAY BRYANT

The Solzhenitsyn-Sakharov Axis

Malachi B. Martin's "Sons and Daughters, Not Orphans" [July 18] makes it painfully clear that Martin has allowed his vision of Christianity to degenerate into a petulant refutation of what he calls the "drab mythology" of natural science. We read first that "contrary to the wishful thinking of self-styled objective thinkers, there is nobody else 'out there,'" and then that "the humanness of Jesus has already bridged the 'gap' between the near-future Space human, as distinct from the Earth human." They don't exist, in short, those other-worldlings, but don't worry: Jesus has saved them. Jesus, we may hope, doesn't need this kind of help.

There have been signs during the past decade of an alliance—call it the Solzhenitsyn-Sakharov axis—between artists sympathetic to religion and the hardest of the hard scientists. What cemented the alliance was humility, the humility which sets artists and scientists apart from haughty social engineers. If Martin is blind to this alliance, it may be because in it the artists are the junior partners.

One strains to hear in Martin the cry of the God-drunk prophet. One hears instead the sniff of the displaced humanist. The Pioneer 10 plaque, for which Martin has such scorn, may lack something in eloquence. It may even, God spare us, be a lapse of taste. Still, its stammered message —that we have a head for mathematics, genitals for procreation, and are waiting for a response—has the honesty of a prayer. That should be enough.

Cambridge, Mass. JOHN A. MILES JR.

Bats in Their Belfries

As a Texas Criminal Defense Attorney, I challenge your statement in "For the Record" [August 15] that it is illegal to kill a bat in a belfry in Texas. I assume your reference was to old Art. 923 b. *Protecting bats.* I regret to inform you that, prior to the environmental furor, the Texas Legislature repealed Art. 923 b.—in 1957. I have been unable to find any existing state statute protecting bats, in a belfry or otherwise. Where are the environmentalists when we really need them?

San Antonio, Tex. DON W. KING

Deviancy in Illinois

Russell Kirk's "Unisex and the Public Schools" [August 15] cited some disturbing examples of the innovations being pushed by Mod-Lib advocates in the field of public education. Conspicuous items are recommendations by quasi-official "task-forces" in Michigan and Minnesota, which urge that common forms of deviant sexual behavior be taught in the schools of those states. Fortunately, he says, these proposals have not yet been adopted in

(Continues on page 1026)

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1975.

Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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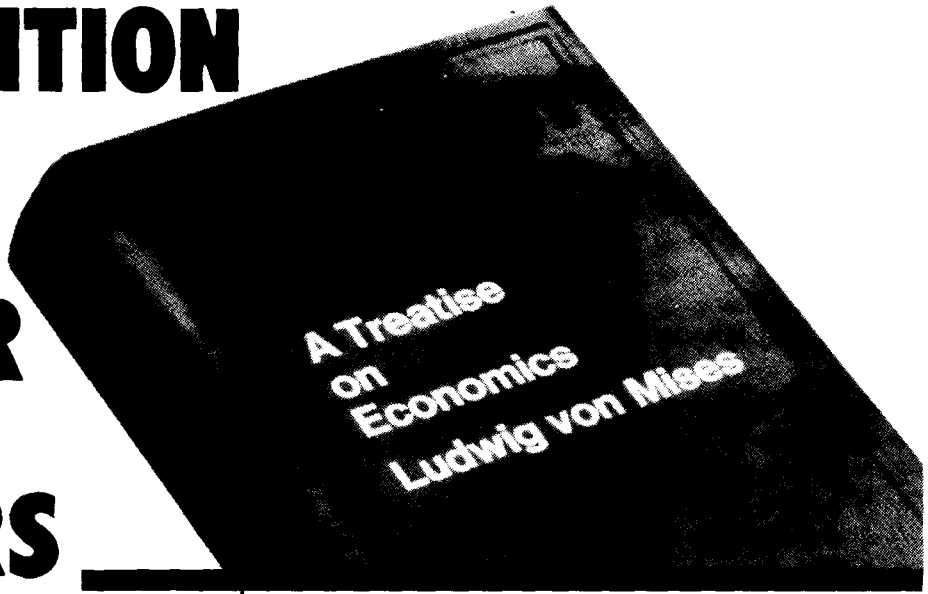

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Singing the blues: A *Christian Science Monitor* survey of Democratic leaders around the country shows enthusiasm for none of the presidential candidates. The enthusiasm even for frontrunning non-running **Edward Kennedy** can be summed up, says the *Monitor*, as "two cheers for Teddy." . . . A poll by the Democratic State Committee in New York showed surprising strength for one (as yet) nonstarter, Sen. **Birch Bayh** of Indiana, who racked up an 11 per cent vote; and this has started a Bayh boomlet. He could yet emerge as the darling of the Democratic Left, replacing **Morris Udall** who isn't catching on. . . . Also in the wings: a possible candidacy by California's maverick Gov. **Jerry Brown**, who says he's "reluctant now," but "I don't rule out things. I like to rule things in." . . . Brown ranked second in a **Melvin Field** preference poll of California voters last week. It was Teddy first (37 per cent), Brown second (12 per cent), **Wallace** third (10 per cent).

■ A late August poll in California shows **Ronald Reagan** now trailing **Gerald Ford** among GOP voters there by nine points; in May, Reagan led Ford by seven points. . . . Reagan's campaign aide, **John Sears**, expects his principal to get in the race officially sometime before Thanksgiving; Sears says he'll have active Reagan organizations in every state of the union before Jan. 1. . . . A *Wall Street Journal* testing in **New Hampshire** shows Ford ahead of Reagan there and Udall ahead of the rest of the Democratic field, organizationally.

■ The successful Sinai negotiations, a slowdown in the SALT negotiations, and events in Portugal have combined to put off the date of **Leonid Brezhnev**'s visit to the U.S. to the end of the year, which means that Ford will probably visit Peking before Brezhnev makes it to Washington. . . . At a meeting of high-level European Socialist leaders (it included Premier **Olof Palme** of Sweden, former German Chancellor **Willy Brandt**, Chancellor **Bruno Kreisky** of Austria, Socialist Party leader **François Mitterrand** of France, Dutch Prime Minister **Joop den Uyl**) in London last week, **Harold Wilson** charged that the Soviet Union had given more than $100 million in aid to the Portuguese Communists in the last year. The Socialists had gathered to discuss how best to aid Socialists in Portugal who are opposing the attempted Communist takeover.

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"It certainly looks as if the party's over —the mayor's Rolls has turned into a pumpkin."

■ Come and Get It: The word has gone out to Third World arms dealers that **Hanoi** is ready to sell $2-billion worth of surplus captured U.S. arms, according to a story in the *Far Eastern Review*. . . . In Saigon the authorities have opened a **U.S. Atrocities Exhibit** which includes American porno books and skin magazines—evidence of how the "Americans had corrupted Vietnamese soldiers and civilians." . . . Radio Saigon reports that three colonels of the former **Thieu** regime have been arrested—they were picked up when their children revealed to authorities where they were hiding. . . . In **Laos**, a military court has sentenced six former government officials to death in absentia, and another thirty to long prison terms. . . . Neutralist Premier **Souvanna Phouma**, perhaps taking the hint, says he has fought long and hard enough for his country and will retire next year (the Pathet Lao willing).

■ **Dale Carnegie**, **Fidel Castro** needs you now. Last week—in the midst of talk of reconciliation with the United States—Castro hosted an international conference to denounce "U.S. exploitation and domination of Puerto Rico." . . . Last spring Castro hailed the **North Vietnamese victory** over the South: "We feel about this victory as if it were ours," probably making the statement at one of the Ho Chi Minh schools that dot the island, or at Havana's Heroic Vietnam Baseball Stadium. . . . Some years back, **Eldridge Cleaver** reveals in that astonishing *Rolling Stone* interview, Castro was urging U.S. student radicals to blow up America. In Cleaver's words: "These kids would come down there in awe over Fidel and **Ché** and the Revolution . . . then, like for dessert, they would have this crazy revolutionary dude address the group on the subject of how to carry out the revolution in America."

■ Sacré Bleu, French Finance Minister **Jean-Pierre Fourcade** has got it. To help balance the budget while simultaneously bringing "more morality to the street scene," he plans new heavy taxes on—pornography.

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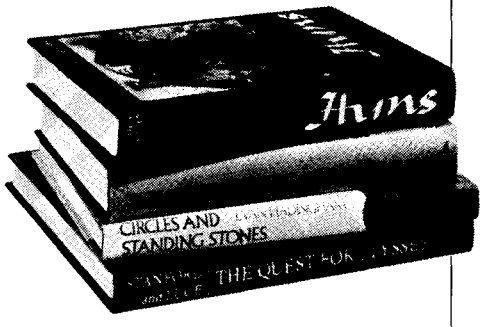

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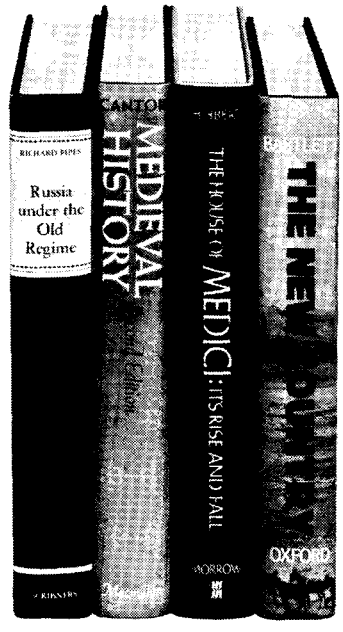

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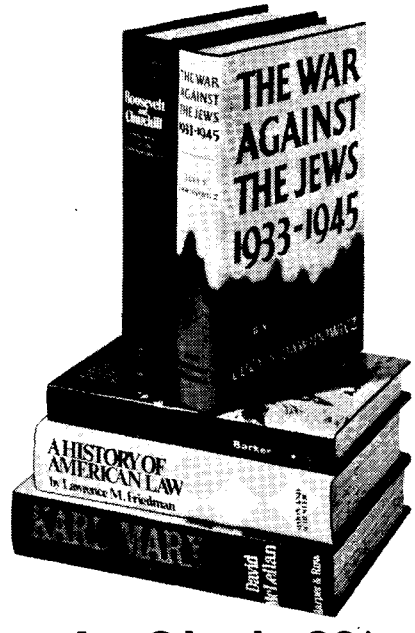

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(Continued from page 1022)

either state. Mr. Kirk was probably not aware that in part of nearby Illinois, comparable proposals have actually been officially accepted.

Recently the Chicago Board of Education, ignoring protests from some concerned citizens, amplified the duties of the sex-education teachers under its jurisdiction. Effective this fall, such teachers in the Chicago public schools are *required* to answer any question that their pupils may ask relative to deviant sexual practices. Since the questions and answers will presumably be exchanged in class, all of the students, whether interested or not, will be getting a liberal dose of information in this sensitive and formerly private area. Also, as is customary nowadays, the teachers will of course refrain from "imposing" any value judgments as part of their presentation.

Chicago, Ill. W. J. HILLMERT

Corrections

The letter from Andrew T. McCauley on "The Pope and Hungarian Jews" [July 18] requires one correction: Admiral Horthy was not a "practicing Catholic"—he belonged to the Hungarian Reformed Church (Calvinist).

Bethesda, Md. MARGARET B. HAJDU

It is difficult to reconcile James Jackson Kilpatrick's contention ["An Affair of Honor," July 18] that "the House has not expelled a member since . . . 1861 . . ." with assertions to the contrary by Messrs. Victor Lasky (*JFK: The Man and the Myth*) and Richard Whalen (*The Founding Father*).

Indeed, if Mr. Kilpatrick is to be believed, no less an authority than the *Biographical Directory of the American Congress* has for years libeled the colorful grandfather of a pair of martyred grandsons. The *Directory* states that on October 23, 1919, after seven months as a member of the House of Representatives, Congressman John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald was expelled on the grounds that his election had been fraudulent—the same "Honey Fitz," ironically enough, whose questionable tactics were to be memorialized 42 years later in the christening of a United States presidential yacht.

Kingston, Pa. CARVER COLLINS

Bouquets

In the final analysis, the best way to judge a publication is to read an article it publishes covering a subject in which the reader is well versed.

After reading "Is the U.S. Running Out of Gas?" by David P. Stang [August 1] I have to believe NATIONAL REVIEW is one of the finest—if not the finest—publications in the United States. Mr. Stang is to be congratulated for his in-depth knowledge of the oil situation and NATIONAL REVIEW is to be congratulated for publishing him. In addition to its consistent accuracy the article is beautifully written.

San Antonio, Tex. JOHN E. NEWMAN

I could barely contain myself through Barbara Keating's article ["On Bringing Up the Keatings," August 15]. It was such a joy to read this inspiring, witty tribute to conservative womanhood.

It is quite comforting to know that a "we" does exist: the conservative women —all trying desperately to preserve our children and ourselves, pedaling uphill *together* in the same blizzard.

She has given me new dedication and courage. Thank you, Barbara.

Wheaton, Md. MARGARET R. BOYLE

Defeat in Vietnam

James Burnham's assessment of Vietnam's repercussions ["Reflections on Defeat," May 23] was somewhat narrow in scope and unduly optimistic. He failed to take into account the terrible damage that the so-called antiwar activists did to America's rational norms and moral foundations.

One by-product of the Left's crafty rhetoric, through which they brought down the dominoes, is already more than apparent: the creation of an extensive political underground—the dimensions of which only Heaven and perhaps Patricia Hearst know —in the U.S.A. itself.

The mobs that cried Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh are not, however, the only ones with this grave responsibility. The pragmatic President, who took an unnecessary trip to China and thereby paid a grotesque and harmful tribute to the idol of violent radicals from Berkeley to Stockholm, also contributed to the contradictions and confusion which presaged America's first defeat and may jeopardize its future.

As a result of Nixon's "great achievements in foreign policy," the Maoists were in fact permitted to have their cake—detente with the U.S. and implicit protection from Soviet pre-emptive strikes—and eat it too: Indochina was taken by their ideological kin.

New York, N.Y. LASZLO T. KISS

I found the June 20 cover articles most interesting. They dealt with the American defeat in South Vietnam, and were written by Anthony Bouscaren and Norman Hannah. Both writers sought to explain the defeat by blaming Congress and the ineffective manner in which the American armed forces were compelled to fight. Obviously these reasons are valid. They do not, however, provide a complete answer.

In August 1972, Professor Antony Sutton testified before the Platform Committee of the Republican Party. He said that the industrial technology of the supplier of equipment to North Vietnam, the Soviet Union, came from the U.S. and her Western allies. That meant that the tanks and missiles killing American soldiers were, in effect, supplied by the West. The

(Continues on page 1029)

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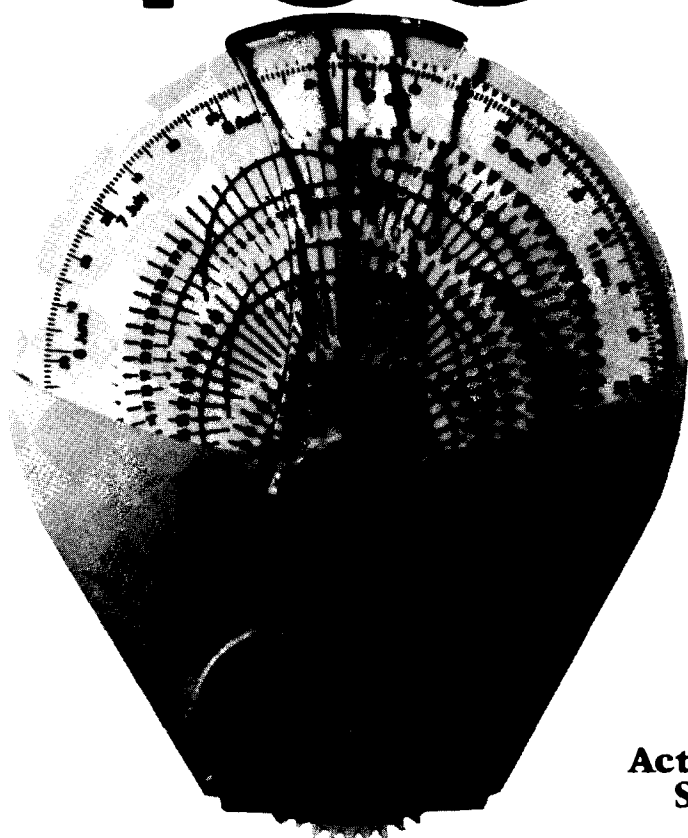

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Soviet ships on the Haiphong run were either manufactured outside Russia by the West, or built inside Russia by Western technology. The same was true of the trucks that plied the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

Over 55,000 American military personnel were murdered by technology supplied by their own government. That was the "reality of the war in Indochina," and we may well ask ourselves on what side did the Kennedys, the Johnsons, the Nixons, and the Kissingers stand?

Victoria, B.C. RICHARD F. BATTERSON

Crise des Nerfs

Might one express a genuine gratitude to Edwin Yoder for his appraisal of contemporary England ["An Upbeat Appraisal," August 15]—not because it is friendly (which must have startled many of your readers), but because it is perceptive. This onlooker probably sees most of the game. If Oxford is possibly not the most typical environment from which to reach sweeping conclusions, it is at any rate an improvement on that neurotic square mile of central London that embraces Parliament, the Stock Market, Fleet Street, and the Pall Mall clubs from which most Americans appear to draw their ideas about England.

Of course there are mistakes. It is very much an oversimplification to say that north of a line drawn east from Bristol nearly all the seats are Laborite and south of it they are nearly all Tory. London, for instance, is definitely south of the line and it is not nearly all Tory. Besides, as most MPs both north and south of Bristol are sitting on a minority vote, it would not mean much even if it were true, which it is not.

Yet Mr. Yoder has, I feel, blundered on the fundamental truth. This is not an economic or even a financial crisis, it is a *crise des nerfs* and the patient has had many before. We may have to see an enemy at Calais or all our savings gone before we find our Churchill, our Roosevelt, our Kennedy, or our de Gaulle. But once Britain finds the leadership that at the eleventh hour it somehow generally does, the whole thing will probably vanish, North Sea oil or not, like last week's nightmare. After all, no one could put it better than you do yourself: the patient is very sick but has a mighty strong Constitution. And if we take as long in picking our future Pitt as in deciding on the Oxford bypass, one can be sure he is not going to be a Lenin or a Hitler or somebody in a fancy uniform.

London, England GEORGE EDINGER

Chile after Allende

Mr. F. Reid Buckley ["Death of a Republic," August 1] says he has seen "no greater fulfillment of the commandment to love one's neighbor" than he encountered among the Chilean Christian Marxists. Has he considered those who, while caring no less for the poor, still manage to keep a balanced, clear mind? Those young Chileans who voted for Allende and helped him impose socialism on Chile were actually bringing more misery to the masses they purportedly wished to save. If they "understand beans about economics," were they justified in getting involved in revolutionary action? Not even taking time to have a good look at Cuba?

The Chilean Junta are not being forgiven by the media for having disproved the irreversibility of Marxist revolution, and a worldwide campaign of inordinate intensity has been launched against them.

Your readers have been misinformed about most of the relevant aspects of the Chilean situation. They have been led to believe that the word "capitalism" (presumably meaning a free-market economy) adequately describes the economic system prevailing in Chile before Allende, and prevailing today in most Latin American countries. What could be more remote from the truth? They have also been led to believe that the Chilean military are handling economic policy themselves, when in fact a group of highly qualified civilian economists, led by Chicago-trained Sr. Jorge Cauas, are entirely in control.

Montevideo, Uruguay RAMÓN P. DÍAZ

Schroon Lake Replies

Many thanks to Anthony Harrigan for his article on "Ned Harrigan's Summer House" [July 18]. It will be a welcome addition to our growing collection of Schroon Lake memorabilia. However, I do not agree with his statement that "The curtain long ago rang down on Schroon Lake."

Let's just check and see what is still left. People still gather on porches and enjoy beautiful sunrises, shimmering days, and gorgeous sunsets. Bass, pike, lake trout, and salmon attract many fishermen all year round. Motor boats and sail boats still dot the lake, and it is still possible to watch a storm approach from down the lake, throwing darts of lightning at nearby Mount Pharoh.

Winter sports have increased tenfold. Ski trails (both downhill and cross country) lace the woodlands. Snowmobile trails weave back and forth over both mountains and valley while the lake itself (usually covered with about four feet of ice), comes alive with ice boatings, snowmobile races, and tiny villages of ice-fishing shanties. Special summer features include flower shows, Saturday night square dancing in the park, and the largest Fourth of July parade in the area.

So you see, Mr. Harrigan, the curtain has only rung down for those who are no longer here to enjoy "the performance."

Schroon Lake, N.Y. JACK RICHARDS
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THE WEEK

■ First the good news. I. F. Stone has received the Eleanor Roosevelt Peace Award for 1975, given by the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.

■ It's all settled, complete with symbolism: New York for the Democrats, Kansas City for the Republicans. The Democrats had their eye on Los Angeles, but Governor Brown treated them like a bunch of wetbacks; so they chose New York, pointing to its perduring loyalty to the Party. Others, obviously, saw the rotting Big Apple as appropriate on other grounds; the Republicans chose Kansas City for their convention for contrapuntal reasons. "GOP Returns to Heartland," headlined the *New York Post*. Couldn't have put it better ourselves, smiled the Republicans.

■ The U.S. could be exporting about three million barrels of oil and a million tons of coal daily by 1985, according to a new study by Edward Teller for the Rockefeller Commission on Critical Choices for Americans. Continued reliance on foreign oil would cost some $600 billion over the next decade, most of which would go to foreign oil producers. By investing $800 billion in domestic energy production, Teller figures that we could become an energy-exporting nation by 1985 despite an estimated 36 per cent increase in domestic energy demand. Some of the Teller proposals are rather drastic, but the possibilities alone should make scary reading for foreign oil producers.

■ The times, they are a-changin'. Used to be that the Democrats prided themselves on having the black vote. Now, according to one Party higher-up, "Black support has become something like Southern support was a few years ago. A candidate who has it would just as soon keep it a secret." But a black vote is, after all, a vote—and some Democrats have simply adopted subtler methods of winning it. Like the candidate who, reports the *Times*, wanted his campaign flights booked only through a black-owned travel agency.

■ Happy Fifth Birthday, August 14, to the modern U.S. Postal Service, which replaced the old fumbling Post Office Department, and resembles it only in being bigger, slower, more deficit-prone, and in carrying on the Grand Tradition. The Service is celebrating by waiting for the Postal Rate Commission to make its temporary rates permanent rates so it can raise them, as specified by law. In wishing it many happy returns we do mean to private enterprise.

■ The U.S. Public Health Service is initiating a five-year campaign this week to persuade Americans to stop smoking, drinking, overeating, and cracking up their cars. The Master Plan, prepared by the Department of HEW, proposes legislation to restrict the sale of high-tar tobacco, to ban more alcohol advertising, and to require everyone everywhere on earth or something to wear seat belts. But they haven't figured out a way to stop us from overeating yet, so stuff it down while you can.

■ WHEW! DEPT.: Unusually reliable sources report that passage is less than certain in the House of Representatives of a new amnesty bill one provision of which would grant amnesty to any serviceman who "disobeyed a direct order which if obeyed would reasonably have led directly to the death of another human being."

■ A plaintiff in the Kent State case delivered his own verdict to the jury that recently exonerated all 29 defendants: "Murderers!" Judge Don J. Young begged to differ. He told the jurors, after the emotion-charged, 15-week trial: "You have done the task no other body in government could. You have been asked to plumb the depths of our civil government, and by your verdicts you have plumbed those depths. You are owed the gratitude of everyone in the courtroom, as well as of all the people in this free land." The plaintiffs were not grateful, and are expected to appeal.

■ CBS cried like a wounded elephant last week when advertisers withdrew an estimated $100,000 in commercials from "The Guns of August," a 90-minute documentary on hunting in America which dealt, in lingering fashion, on the death throes of animals and the brutality of their slayers. The National Rifle Association didn't like. Readers of *Field and Stream* (which, incidentally, is owned by CBS) didn't like. Individual hunters didn't like. Soon agency account execs and advertising firms and officers of Datsun and Waterpik, among others, were not liking and before you could say "Who shot Cock Robin?" only one company was interested in advertising its wares on "Guns." CBS was outraged and words like intimidation and pressure and gun lobby were floating around, all of which have tended to confuse the issue. CBS has every right to film controversial documentaries —and to sell advertisers on them. But surely the people under attack—in this case the hunters of America—have just as much right to tell certain advertisers—Datsun, say —that if it helps pay to propagandize a particular point of view, they may just choose a Toyota next time around —or even John Chancellor.

■ The British unions actually toyed for a while with the idea of rejecting the £6 a Week for Almost Everybody Bill that they themselves had instigated (see "Britannia Waives the Rules," p. 1049). But in the event, the Trades Union Congress followed their leader, Lionel Murphy ("Doubling your money is not doubling your

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"Hiya, Roomo!"

standard of living. It is more likely halving your chances of protecting your present standard of living"), and voted 2 to 1 to support the bill. Most of the unions see the policy as continuing for two years; others don't expect it to last through next spring. The most rousing point in the heated debate was made by union leader Jack Jones: "We can't afford the luxury of handing power over to Mrs. Thatcher."

■ After a 16-month interruption, the airlines of Japan and Taiwan will soon resume operations between the two countries. Taiwan severed its air link with Japan when Tokyo announced its agreement with Peking for twice-weekly flights between the two countries. While the Tokyo-Peking route may have been politically important to Japan, it certainly wasn't profitable. Most of the Japanese planes were only half full; some were much less, often carrying fewer than ten passengers. Last May, Japanese Airlines reported that the severed air links with Taiwan had cost the airline $40 million in one fiscal year. So Japan is setting up an ostensibly new and independent company that will resume the Taiwan shuttle without causing diplomatic complications with Peking. And Japan isn't the only one of Peking's new friends who don't want to lose Taiwan's business. Soon after the Philippines established diplomatic relations with Communist China, Philippine officials began informal discussions with Taiwan officials about unofficial trade and cultural relations between the two countries. As the *New York Times* commented, "The embassies may withdraw one by one; but the planes fly in, the businessmen and investors arrive in droves, and the trade flows on."

■ Georgi Arbatov, director of the Soviet Institute for the Study of the United States and Canada, has produced an article in *Pravda* claiming that the United States is far behind the Soviet Union in living up to the spirit of Helsinki. Arbatov cites as evidence of U.S. violations such activities as manipulation of election funds and wiretapping. The Arbatov article is a curiosity, and is obviously intended for home consumption. It suggests, however, that the Helsinki rhetoric regarding civil liberties, freedom of movement, and freedom of communication may at least be embarrassing to the Kremlin. Thus, former world chess champion Boris Spassky has petitioned for permission to marry a Frenchwoman, citing specific provisions of the Helsinki document dealing with marriage between citizens of different states. Stay tuned on this one.

■ The Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* reports that Soviet authorities have begun using terror tactics against parents of Catholic children who are being confirmed in the Catholic Church. He quotes from the latest issue of the Chronicle of the Lithuanian Catholic Church which says "believers are rotting in security prison for manufacturing prayer books and religious literature." When some Orthodox Russians protested the closing of Uspensky Cathedral in Vladimir, they were told: "You have a choice between working and praying." Author Vladimir Voinovich was recently summoned by the KGB and accused of insulting the Party and the KGB. When Voinovich replied that the repressive measures mentioned in his book took place during the Stalin era, which until recently the Communist Party had also condemned, the KGB agent told Voinovich he might be "dead one fine day." Imagine what would be happening if it weren't for detente.

■ See Dick and Jane's SAT scores. See their SAT scores hit an all-time low. Their parents' teachers taught the 3 Rs. Vocabulary, comprehension, and problem-solving were important. Dick and Jane's teachers do not teach these things. They are not relevant. Life adjustment, socialization, and cultural awareness are relevant. Dick and Jane are in college now, and they cannot read. Or write. Or add. See their teachers wonder why.

■ Guest Editorial from *Linn's Stamp News*, July 21, 1975: "In recent months Linn's has not received news of new stamp issues from the People's Republic of China, and now we know why. In response to an inquiry the China Stamp Export Company, Peking, replied: 'We have stopped to supply you with the news of our new issues as you advertise the stamps of the Chiang Kai-shek clique. In case you cease doing so, we can reconsider your request.' Linn's has no intention of eliminating the stamps of the Republic of China (Taiwan) and if the Peking clique wants to resume sending stamp news to Linn's it may do so, provided it recognizes the fact that it will not dictate in any manner to the editorial and advertising policies of *Linn's Stamp News*."

■ Bishop Leo Maher of San Diego has created a furor (not his first) by ordering a priest's praise of Red China deleted from the diocesan newspaper, then suspending said priest's regular column. "In China," Father Luis

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss is still fuming about Mr. Ford's practice of letting the Republican National Committee rather than his own campaign pay the cost of his overtly political traveling. Under the new campaign spending law, the National Committee is only allowed to pay $5,000 to a candidate. But Mr. Ford says he is traveling not as a candidate but as head of the GOP. Says Strauss: "Suppose I, as chairman of the Democratic Party, should name one of our presidential candidates, or four of them, or all of them, as party leaders, and send them around the country at the Democratic National Committee's expense—without limit, and without allocating charges against their spending limits. It would be an absurdity." Mary Louise Smith, chairman of the Republican National Committee, says the Committee has budgeted half a million dollars for the use of Mr. Ford and Rockefeller as "party leaders."

Now, follow the bouncing ball to see how arcane spending questions can become. By a 5-to-1 vote the Federal Election Commission has said that Mr. Ford does not have to charge against his presidential limit the cost of campaigning for a New Hampshire Senate candidate in the September 16 special election. Although this ruling is applicable to Democratic presidential candidates as well, one of them objects. Says Lloyd Bentsen: The idea that Mr. Ford "can use private funds to travel to New Hampshire five months before its important presidential primary on business that he admits is political, without spending one cent of his own expenditure limit, . . . will lead to continuing abuse of the new contribution and expenditure limits by the Ford campaign." The cost of the Ford visit was charged against the spending limit of Republican Louis Wyman's Senate campaign. How much? Just $139. The Election Commission decided to "count only the equivalent commercial rates" for a trip to New Hampshire. The cost of flying Air Force One is $2,206 an hour.

■ A funny thing happened to Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen on the way to the White House. The manager of his presidential campaign quit. Benjamin Palumbo, 38, is a highly regarded veteran of New Jersey Democratic politics. He took the Southwestern senator around the circuit of labor and big city pols. He says he resigned for "personal reasons." But rumors persist concerning a basic split over strategy in the Bentsen camp. The rumors say Palumbo was the leader of the "go for broke" staffers who wanted Bentsen to make a big push for delegates in the urban North. These staffers are opposed by others who think Bentsen should work less for delegates than for an image—"everybody's second choice." This, they say, will enable Bentsen to appeal to a deadlocked convention. Until recently, at least, Bentsen had more money in his campaign chest than any candidate except George Wallace and Henry Jackson. But he is feeling the pinch, cutting back on his headquarters staff.

■ Just when he thought he'd paid his debt to society, Richard Nixon hears a knock on the door and, lo, there stands his least favorite Republican, Illinois Senator Charles Percy, wanting to chat. Chat they did for two hours, says Chuck. What fun: "The phone rang incessantly, the busy office was spread about with piles of book manuscript sheets," and "not one word was brought up about Watergate."

■ BRIEFS: If at first you don't succeed . . . The White House has again—for the third time—submitted to the Senate the nomination of Earl Silbert for U.S. Attorney for the District of Columbia. He was the government's chief prosecutor in the original Watergate trial—the trial of the burglars—and has been charged with showing insufficient vigor in prosecuting it. . . . What would Mrs. Henry Jackson say if an interviewer asked her the questions Mrs. Ford recently answered about sex? Helen Jackson says she would say: "Those matters are my personal affairs, go on to the next question. Can you imagine any reporter asking Bess Truman those questions? Nor would they ask such things of President Ford, so why subject his wife to them?" . . . The State Department is increasingly worried about alcoholism. It says diplomats must spend an enormous amount of time socializing, and this takes its toll on diplomatic livers. Although an estimated 10 million of the 220 million Americans are alcoholics, the rate among overseas State personnel is estimated to be twice as high.

■ The headline of the week (from the *Washington Star*) concerned school days, school days, dear old golden rule days under judicial government: "82nd Airborne on Alert for Boston School Busing Day." The second most moving headline (from the *Washington Post*) came the day after the assassination attempt on Mr. Ford. Cato thinks it had something to do with International Women's Year: "Role of Women Growing in Violence, Terrorism." Finally, a *Washington Post* headline revealed that inflation is not just an American problem: "Bride's Price Soars in Libya."

—CATO

Bernal had written, "no one is rich, no one is poor, everybody works and eats and all have everything that is necessary for living a rightful human life." Such necessities evidently do not include, for Father Bernal, the practice of Christianity. A priest who believes that man lives by bread alone would seem to be in the wrong line of work.

■ HEW, HEW, there's nothing like HEW. It has sent word across the land that in order to qualify for federal funds schools must "assess" the language spoken in their district. "In order to make the aforementioned assessments, the district must, at a minimum, determine the language spoken in the student's home, regardless of the language spoken by the student, the language spoken by the student in the home, and the language spoken by the student in the social setting (by observation)." These determinations must be made by persons who understand and speak the necessary languages. But to hire persons who speak the necessary languages, you have to know what they are—i.e., predetermine for the determiners. And one language they all have to speak is bureaucratese, to determine whether the "regardless" clause (aforementioned) applies to children of mixed Latvian and Ecuadorian parentage who attend Eskimo schools.

■ NOW IT CAN BE TOLD: Quadrangle will soon publish Chief Minority Counsel Fred Thompson's *At That Point in Time: The Inside Story of the Senate Watergate Committee*. We have managed to get our hands on the

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Will There Be Stillness In The Jack Pines?

Time is running out for Kirtland's warbler. Despite heroic efforts by devoted admirers, its numbers are shrinking. Read on about how you can help and — at the same time — make a very interesting investment.

KIRTLAND'S WARBLER, second in a series of eight 10½" plates mouth-blown of Bavarian lead crystal. Designed by Albert Earl Gilbert, each plate is copperwheel engraved, numbered, and signed. Edition limited to 5,000.

Kirtland's warbler has never existed in large numbers. From May 13, 1851, when Dr. Jared P. Kirtland first discovered the bird on his farm near Cleveland, its population has rarely exceeded 1,000. A drop in the bucket compared to the hundreds of thousands of some species of the wood warbler family. Or, as one admirer puts it, "If you weighed all the Kirtland's warblers in existence, they'd just tip 10 pounds."

And yet, for 10 pounds of beauty, grace, and song, the devotees of this endangered warbler have gone to extraordinary lengths to prevent its extinction. Elaborate traps have been specially designed and constructed around its range to catch the cowbird — a parasite which reduces the number of Kirtland's warblers by 78 percent. Forests of young jack pine — its only natural habitat — have been created expressly for it. Areas that have burned accidentally have been reserved for it. And forests of jack pine have even been burned by plan to create new growths of the vital tree.

Despite this extraordinary nurturing, Kirtland's warbler continues to dwindle. This elusive species which winters on a Bahama island, has been reduced in its summer range to eight colonies found only in three counties in Michigan. In the last 13 years, its numbers have shrunk by two-thirds. Only 334 adult birds were counted in the last census. Help is urgently needed.

Kirtland's warbler is only one of 114 species and sub-species of wildlife in the United States now threatened with extinction. Foremost among the private non-profit agencies devoted to the protection of these and all forms of wildlife is the National Audubon Society. It maintains 44 sanctuaries throughout the country to provide safe nesting, feeding and resting sites for birds, and a protected environment for other wildilfe. Jean Dorst, the great European environmental scientist has said, "The National Audubon Society . . . has done more to protect nature than any other private group in the world."

In search of perfection

Some 300 years ago in England it was discovered that the addition of lead monoxide produced glass of extreme brilliance and great weight. It was called crystal. When struck, it rang like a bell. Indeed, the first strike signalled the rise of a new art form.

The most artistically significant method of decoration developed was copperwheel engraving. In this highly demanding discipline, a master engraver interprets the artists' designs in intaglio by applying the crystal object to a small high-speed copper wheel anointed with oil and emery powder. He may use as many as 50 different wheels ranging from ⅛ inch to 4 inches in diameter to complete one engraving. The fate of every piece is entirely in his hands. One false move against the wheel condemns to the scrap heap what might otherwise have been a masterpiece.

Perfection in this intricate art is rare at best. Many attempts will be made before 5,000 fine crystal plates will meet the standards of excellence necessary to be numbered as a Kirtland's Warbler Plate in the Audubon Collection. Numbers will be assigned in the sequence in which orders are received. The subscription price is $198 postpaid. Because the hand production is very slow and painstaking, orders are limited to one per subscriber.

When you purchase the Kirtland's Warbler Plate, you (or your designate, if you are already a member) will be enrolled as a Sustaining Member of the National Audubon Society, a private, non-profit, tax exempt organization. You will receive all of the benefits of this $30 membership, including the magnificent *Audubon Magazine.*

The prospects of appreciation

Although the purpose of the Audubon Collection of Engraved Crystal Plates is to support the Society's vital work, there exists the prospect of appreciation. Of course, no assurances can be given. But it is interesting to note that fine crystal is considered a prime investment by many serious collectors. For example, a rather ordinary molded crystal plate offered at $25 in 1966 is currently quoted at $250, while another issued at $25 a year earlier is bringing $1,750!

How to order Kirtland's Warbler Plate

Send $198, check or money order (or bank charge account number, expiration date and signature) made payable to: Audubon Crystal, Ltd., c/o National Audubon Society, Dept. 3, 950 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. (Conn. residents add 7% tax.) Please include your address and zip code. If you are not completely satisfied with your purchase, you may return it within 30 days for a full, unquestioned refund.

THE AUDUBON COLLECTION OF ENGRAVED CRYSTAL PLATES

In addition to Kirtland's warbler, seven other endangered American birds will be engraved on crystal plates in the Audubon Collection: the whooping crane, brown pelican, peregrine falcon, ivory-billed woodpecker, California condor, masked bobwhite, and the Southern bald eagle.

Subscribers to the Kirtland's Warbler Plate are guaranteed the right to purchase the succeeding plate in the series bearing the same serial number.

The artist and designer of this extraordinary series is Albert Earl Gilbert, one of America's foremost wildlife artists. Sought after by ornithologists and art collectors alike, a 1973 edition of his wildlife prints is already commanding premium prices.

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unrevised proofs, and it's a shocker. From Chapter 9, "Unanswered Questions": "When [the burglars] returned, sometime after midnight on June 17, they discovered that the tape had been removed. . . . As it turned out, of course, the tape was discovered and removed by a Watergate guard—Gary Wills." *Now* let him deny he was out to get Nixon.

■ There it was, a full-page ad in the *Times*: a priest with a copy of *Playboy*, his eyes rolled heavenward, the caption: "I read *Playboy*, and found God." The copy went on: "When the Order of the Most Holy Trinity needed recruits, they called on *Playboy* to do God's work. It all started when the good Fathers decided to run an ad in *Playboy*. . . . [A] few weeks later, the Trinitarians had 600 new applicants. . . . If one ad can make the good Fathers believe, it can do the same for you." The priest who placed the ad, Father Joseph Lupo, is sore. The ad and its attendant publicity in the newspapers generated 600 *inquiries*, not applications, he explains; besides, the tone of *Playboy*'s ad is "downright irreverent." Maybe so, but it seems to us the good Fathers asked for it. They should have had sense enough to take God's work to *Screw*.

■ And then for some more good news: Venice, which has been sinking dangerously into the Lagoon, has risen several millimeters in the last three years.

A Recent Conversion?

Saul of Tarsus got religion;
  Queen Christina, too.
History is full of folks who
  Bid their past adieu.
Lately, Nelson Rockefeller's
  Sounded real hard-shell.
I'm among those cranky types his
  Rhetoric can't sell.

W. H. VON DREELE

After Gonçalves

With the removal from power of General Vasco Gonçalves one phase of the Portuguese revolution appears to have been concluded. Gonçalves' defeat suggests that the Portuguese political equation will begin to operate to the disadvantage of the Communist Party, and, indeed, *Pravda* has begun to prepare Soviet readers for that unwelcome eventuality. The political distortions resulting from the Communist power play, however, will profoundly affect the future course of Portuguese politics. For the time being a government of the Left, including Communists but endeavoring not to be dominated by them, will probably retain power in Lisbon. But the events of the past several weeks have made it clear that for many Portuguese—quite probably a majority—a choice confined to the various modes of Marxism, whether democratic or authoritarian, is not wide enough.

The political turmoil of the recent past has tended to divide Portugal into "two countries." Communist strength lies in the impoverished and sparsely populated south and in the working-class districts of Lisbon. But in the northern part of the country a largely unreported counter-revolution has taken place. Northern Portugal is now virtually out of bounds for Communists. Dozens of Party offices have been destroyed. Last month Party chief Alvaro Cunhal was obliged to cancel a rally scheduled for Oporto, and, significantly, no later rally has been planned. Ominously enough for the Communists, reliable reports indicate that substantial numbers of Communist cadres in the north have been systematically assassinated by paramilitary vigilante-type groups. The most prominent Center and Right leaders in the north are also much more militantly anti-Communist than any of the politicians in power in Lisbon.

Another factor of as yet undetermined strength is the ELP, which is the paramilitary component of the underground Movement for the Liberation of Portugal. The ELP operates on both sides of the border with Spain. Most estimates place its strength at 6,000 armed men, and it is growing in size as troops return from Angola. In addition, white civilian refugees are returning from Angola at a rate of 4,000 per day, and before much time has passed these will undoubtedly constitute a volatile and probably explosive political force.

All of this suggests that Portugal could take any one of a number of different political turns. The least likely is that the present Popular Front-style regime will prevail. A Center-Right coalition, perhaps based upon the conservative Social Democratic Center, but including other tendencies, might prove viable. But the Communist Party continues to occupy strategic power positions throughout the Portuguese structure, and many of its members and sympathizers have been armed. The Communists will not be easily dislodged, and they may have the capacity to make the country ungovernable. In that case Portugal could face an authoritarian "Santiago" solution, or else civil war.

Manson and the Presidency

That Lynette Fromme turned out to be a principal member of Charles Manson's "family" is striking but not altogether surprising. Indeed, her attempted assassination of President Ford was not the first time the Manson circle and the Presidency have touched one another.

Former President Nixon clearly had the Manson phenomenon on his mind, a preoccupation—not, perhaps, too strong a word—that led him to blurt out the opinion that Manson was guilty prior to the conclusion of Manson's murder trial. Nixon's remark, in its context, suggests that for Nixon, Manson was particularly and obviously guilty, the very epitome of guilt; if one needed an example of guilt, Manson was it.

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We now know that Manson, serving a life sentence, has been brooding about Nixon for months, and he blames Nixon, and by extension blames Ford, for his predicament. The Manson *v.* President relationship is weird enough, but it has a certain inner logic. Manson—and Nixon must have sensed this in 1970—is our leading "anti-citizen," in the same sense that certain particles are anti-matter. The anti-citizen naturally murdered assorted ordinary citizens, strangers sometimes, but it is not surprising that the spirit of the anti-citizen should be drawn by a kind of tropism to the nation's number one citizen, now President Ford, and should try to destroy him. The conjunction, indeed, seems fated. Whether or not Manson himself somehow inspired the attempt is beside the point. Lynette Fromme thoroughly embodies the principle of anti-citizen-ness which has its fount in Manson.

Not surprisingly, when this anti-citizen principle seeks to manifest itself in language it draws upon the counter-culture (or anti-culture) rhetoric of the 1960s. Fromme considered herself a member of an "international people's court" which is prepared to kill the "polluters" of air and water. Her roommate, another "family" member named Sandra Good, told reporters: "We're going to start assassinating Presidents, Vice Presidents, and major executives of companies. I'm warning these people that they better stop polluting or they're going to die." As Keith Mano showed in his novel *The Bridge*, the ecological consciousness has its dark potential, and in its extreme manifestations can be anti-human, the rhetoric about "air" and "water" serving as a mask for murderous hatred.

The Manson cult did not disappear when Manson himself was captured and imprisoned. At least a hundred of his followers and "family" members live in rundown buildings and desert communes in California. They are anti-citizens, and their destructive impulses will certainly manifest themselves again. Our leading citizen had a very close call but the next manifestation may not turn out so fortunately.

The Long Hot Autumn

In Jean Raspail's shocking novel *The Camp of the Saints* (reviewed in this issue), vast hordes of Calcutta beggars seize a ramshackle convoy of old ships and sail to France, presenting the French with the option of killing them or allowing them to land and destroy French civilization. Raspail's point is that the French should kill them, but lack the rudimentary instinct of cultural self-preservation.

It would be interesting to know what Raspail would prescribe as the appropriate course for whites in South Boston and Louisville, as busloads of Negro children and adolescents roll in. Obviously, the authorities have no choice but to obey the courts and quell the violence. But what about those who throw rocks, shout "Niggers!" and firebomb buses (so far, only empty ones)? Is there any justification for them? Are they not racists? And are not the black children—supposedly the beneficiaries of this judicial lunacy—victims as well?

The case is not so paradigmatic as Raspail's. The Negroes are Americans, not Calcutta hordes. The Negroes *are* victims. Their parents generally oppose busing, and have no more choice in the matter than the whites do. Yet they have not been violent: and this is a key fact, whose significance is missed by those who cite it in their favor.

The point is that this violence, however unjustified, is in one respect at least a sign of health. It must be stopped, just as a dog tormented to fury by children must be shot. But the anger is justified, and one sign of its justification is its very absence in the Negroes. For all the talk of black pride, the blacks evidently feel they have nothing to lose by having their community, such as it is, dispersed. Nothing sacred or delicate is thereby ruptured, despite their anxieties about the white mobs.

True, the child who grows up in the ghetto is to be pitied. True, most victims of black crime are black. True, most Negroes are not criminals. Nonetheless, it is also true that abruptly increased contact between blacks and whites will victimize more whites; that a minority of criminals is enough to terrorize a neighborhood; and that a neighborhood thus terrorized itself becomes a ghetto. The worst thing about this kind of integration is precisely that it is massive, i.e., indiscriminate, violating the whole texture of a community. Crime is only part of the problem; but it is enough in itself. The crime rate of Roxbury, which is black, is sharply higher than that of South Boston, which is white (by nine times, according to one report); yet this is treated as irrelevant by advocates of

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada Rothco

"When you said the masses would be breaking down the doors to be at our meetings, this isn't exactly what I'd envisioned."

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Back to School

Board the bus across the block;
Turn the radio to rock.
(If the driver makes a fuss,
Let him have it in the truss.)
Blue jeans nicely torn and dyed?
Spray-can ready at your side?
Check the switchblade in its sheath
And the pistol underneath:
You and teacher have a date.
Ready . . . set . . . matriculate!

W. H. VON DREELE

busing, who insist that the whole problem is irrational race hatred.

A *New York Post* report from Boston by Jimmy Breslin supports our point—unintentionally, to be sure. "Under the busing plan," Breslin writes, "the Italians have been paired with the Chinese. The moment the Italians learned of this, the moment the threat of blacks was removed from their lives, they lost all interest in any anti-busing movement." We gather from this that the Chinese and Italians, however annoyed by Judge Garrity's quasi-constitutional solicitude, regard each other as acceptably civilized human beings. This strongly qualifies the charge of "racism"—a purposefully vague and simplistic one anyway, whose function is less to identify motives than to smear them.

Free Market Battlefield

At a recent conference in Washington, British economist and historian Arthur Shenfield remarked that within the academy, free market economic theory now has the upper hand intellectually. The varieties of central planning theory are on the defensive. Mr. Shenfield felt that it would take some time for this to make itself felt more broadly, but there are signs, nevertheless, that the free market case is getting around.

During the recent past, there has actually been a flood of first-rate research and writing on free market solutions to economic problems. This observable trend is especially remarkable in view of the continuing leftward slant of most research grants from government and the big foundations. Most famous among the many market-oriented think tanks is the American Enterprise Institute (1150 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036), which has produced hundreds of scholarly and influential studies, such as Murray Weisbaum's eye-opener on *Government-Mandated Price Increases*. The Heritage Foundation (513 C Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002) has lately turned out several valuable monographs on such timely issues as Social Security, budget cutting, health care in Britain, and a history of wage-price controls. A group of young people, the Campus Studies Institute, has produced several effective pamphlets and a great little book, *The Incredible Bread Machine*, under the auspices of World Research Inc. (11722 Sorrento Valley Road, San Diego, Calif. 92121). The Institute for Contemporary Studies (260 California Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94111) has recently published a devastating critique of the Ford Foundation Energy Policy Project report, *A Time to Choose*. The critique is called *No Time to Confuse* and is written by ten famous scholars, including Armen Alchian, Morris Adelman, Herman Kahn, and one of the Ford project's own consultants, Walter Mead.

In the face of such a body of solid research, only someone with an inexcusably narrow reading list could repeat the oft-repeated remark that free marketeers have no concrete solutions to social problems.

Tennis and Politics

On the final day of the U.S. Open Championships at Forest Hills, 18-year-old Czech tennis star Martina Navratilova requested political asylum in the United States. She is one of the four best women players in the world, and ambitious to be number one.

Curiously, the liberal *Boston Globe* carried the story under the headline "Tennis, Not Politics, Prompted Czech Star's Asylum Request"—as if to say that for Navratilova the Czech system was no problem but the tennis courts were round, or something of the sort. The *Globe*'s separation of tennis from politics here is worth pausing over, since Navratilova appears to have been seeking precisely such a distinction through her act of requesting asylum. It was the point of her defection that such a separation was not possible in Czechoslovakia.

The Czech tennis organization, which is of course an arm of the government, had attempted to dictate all of her movements. Navratilova was spending too much time abroad, especially in America. She was becoming "too Americanized." Czech officials were outraged that she had not confined herself to Czech functions at Wimbledon. Frequently, she was called "home" in the middle of a tournament the Czech organization did not approve of. She could not play World Team Tennis.

When Navratilova was asked whether she had chosen America for its freedom or for its opportunities she replied: "Both. . . . Anybody that complains about life here should go to Europe and they would understand. Go to a Communist country, go to a Socialist country. They would understand then. . . . I will just play the tour, whenever I want and wherever I want."

For the *Boston Globe*, that is "tennis" and not "politics."

Meanwhile, the Soviet star Alex Metrevelli—after a rather successful year as a touring professional—had the bad luck to lose in the first round of the Open. This, ominously enough, attracted the immediate attention of the government organ *Pravda*: "Only a few of our lead-

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ing representatives are playing in modern, attacking style. The strongest tennis players in the world have added to the power of their strokes, but this cannot be said about Aleksandr Metrevelli, many times champion of the USSR." Spasskyization may be imminent.

Come on over, Alex. You can play here whenever you want and wherever you want.

Samizdat Here Next

The Western edition of the *Christian Science Monitor* has published a letter from Beverly Sills and David Bar-Illan concerning two incidents that occurred during the Bolshoi Opera's tour of the United States (reviewed by Roger Evans, p. 1058). When the Bolshoi was to appear in Los Angeles, it threatened to cancel unless three ads were removed from the program: one sponsored by the local Jewish Federation Council, which welcomed the Bolshoi but pointed out that the repression of Jewish artists in the Soviet Union was incompatible with cultural exchange; one which promoted *The Gulag Archipelago*; and one which announced that the Panovs would be appearing with the San Francisco Ballet during its Los Angeles run. The auditorium management caved in, and had those pages torn out of the printed program. Then the Greater New York Conference on Soviet Jewry tried to buy space for a program ad during the Bolshoi's three-week stay at Lincoln Center. They were told that it might be considered offensive, so they said they would just put their signature on an otherwise blank page. They were then told there was no more space available.

"Many of us have doubted," the letter concludes, whether the benefits of cultural exchange justify "the price, i.e., the respectability which the Russians felt cultural exchange gave them, and which carried with it the West's implicit approval of, or at least tacit indifference to, continued repressions in the Soviet Union. Now the Bolshoi incident serves to illustrate even further how perverted the purpose of cultural exchange can become. Instead of promoting contact and liberalization, it has made us acquiesce to censorship. Under conditions like these, cultural exchange may become not only useless, but dangerous."

Wednesday's Children

President Ford's speeches continue to sound conservative themes—to the dismay of a group of liberal senators whom the *New York Times* inaccurately calls "Moderate Republicans." Put yourself in their shoes. You've spent a lifetime as a Democrat in political drag and all of a sudden the only two possibilities for the Republican presidential nomination are Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan. That's the woeful position Senators Javits, Percy, and Case find themselves in together with the 11 other members of the Wednesday Club, an informal group of liberal Republican senators. Last week they petitioned the President for an audience, and spent an hour with him trying to "moderate" his views. They urged him to keep Nelson Rockefeller on as Vice President, not to neglect the liberal positions of some Republicans, and to emphasize his "compassionate nature," the public perception of which they feel has been suffering as a result of his tightfisted economic views.

The meeting, in which the senators were in effect supplicants, suggests the actual state of liberalism in the Republican Party. Wednesday Club members continue to believe, however, that a Republican can get elected only by presenting himself as a liberal. They consider Reagan beaten already and think Ford should start the leftward trek in search of marginal votes that they quadrennially recommend.

But Ford apparently disagrees with them on the strength of the Reagan threat, and is also shaping his position to conform to the general political tenor of the country, which polls and other indicators show to be increasingly conservative. Sure, some Republicans are as liberal as Wednesday Club members; but that just isn't where the votes are—as Ford seems to know: he went right out to Seattle after meeting with the liberal Republicans and denounced the "massive, musclebound bureaucracy of government," and its "overblown promises and overbearing controls."

Pressure from the Right has helped to keep Ford conservative on many economic issues—though the budget deficit continues to hover near Mars. But on the great social issues he has yet to speak out forthrightly, and the Javitses, Percys, and Cases hope to influence him before he does. They are likely to be disappointed.

In 1968 Nixon beat Humphrey without taking New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, or Pennsylvania, all Wednesday Club states. Apparently Ford thinks he can win the election without taking all of them or win some without toeing a liberal line.

The Solomons Have It

It is becoming too much. Take for instance the case of Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, who is campaigning at present a) for re-election to the Senate and b) for the presidential nomination of the Democratic Party. In his campaign for the Senate, Bentsen is limited to spending $640,000 in Texas. But under the new rules he may spend up to $1.3 million in the Texas *presidential* primary. But lookee here, Bentsen's senatorial opponent—whoever he may be—will say: if I can spend only $640,000 in the senatorial race in Texas, is it fair for Bentsen to be permitted to spend that same $640,000 as a senatorial candidate and also an additional $1.3 million—or $1.94 million altogether—as a presidential candidate? Clearly not, and the Federal Election Commission has so ruled. Lloyd Bentsen can spend only $640,000 in Texas. But, and here Bentsen has a logical gripe, how come he can be limited to spending $640,000 in Texas while George Wallace, or any other presidential contestant who wants to challenge him in the Texas primary, can pour in his full $1.3 million? Obviously that's not fair either,

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so in an effort to redress the wrong, the Federal Election Commission has ruled that Bentsen (since he is, after all, running in two races concurrently—Texas is one of the few states that allow this) will be allowed to raise double the maximum allowed under the new law in individual campaign contributions—i.e., $2,000 instead of the regulation $1,000—providing of course that $1,000 (of the total) is earmarked as a contribution to the senatorial campaign and the other thou to the presidential campaign.

But then—just you watch—along will come Henry Jackson and Terry Sanford and Morris Udall and Jimmy Carter and George Wallace and Fred Harris and very possibly, down the road a piece, Birch Bayh, Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie, George McGovern, Jerry Brown, Harold Sta . . . , to complain that after all, just because they are running in only one race this year, why can their friends give them only one grand while Bentsen's can give two grand. It is enough to make strong men and politicians weep.

Perhaps the Supreme Court will at least be aware of these and other difficulties written into the new campaign finance law when it is called upon to rule on the constitutional objections raised against it by Senator James L. Buckley and former Senator Eugene McCarthy.

The Strange Immunity of John Lindsay

Politicians are generally vexed when they are persistently ignored. One hears about conspiracies of silence that snuff out the political careers of promising men who challenge the system. What is now happening to John Lindsay, or, more properly, what is not happening to him, is both more unusual, and more eerie. The day's papers endlessly carry reports on the apparently endless fiscal problems of New York City, and the more enterprising of them even give briefs on how Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, and Los Angeles handle their municipal financing. What simply does not appear is any reference to John Lindsay. Editorial writers do not dilate on his errors. News reporters do not seek him out for advice. Politicians in New York make no effort to detach themselves from his administration, or to draw attention to his mistakes. Down the memory hole with the chief executive of New York City for the eight years that preceded and aggravated the current crisis, and the young statesman who was thought to be the voice of the American city: the architect of municipal Utopia.

One recalls, if one's memory takes a mischievous turn, a scene on *Meet the Press* in 1965, on the eve of the election, when the candidates for the mayoralty were John Lindsay, Abraham Beame, and the editor of this journal. Abe Beame, early on in the exchange, leaned over and pounded his fist on the desk in front of Lindsay, denouncing him for arrant hypocrisy in suggesting that if he, Lindsay, were elected, he would be able to trim the city budget by $300 million per year. "The only person who could accomplish that economy," said Mr. Beame the bookkeeper, "is me." WFB was uncharacteristically silent.

Lindsay was elected, and before he was through, the budget hadn't been trimmed by $300 million. It had been increased on the order of $7 billion. Beame's 18 months saw a further increase in the budget. During Lindsay's term of office, one hundred thousand New Yorkers left town. Lindsay replaced them with one hundred thousand extra municipal employees. Lindsay's only recorded accomplishment was his defection from the Republican Party.

Why the silence about him? It is best explained by running one's eye down an old roster of Lindsay supporters. Everybody from Barbra Streisand to John Hay Whitney. One shouldn't kick a man when he's down, but shouldn't New Yorkers, just to show that there's a little life left there, store up wind for one great, big Bronx cheer for Barbra Streisand and John Hay Whitney, after electing them, say, chief honorary pallbearers for the Lindsay administration?

Saving New York

With millions dying for a shove,
It won't be done because of love;
Nor will the city offer thanks
Because of all those lovely banks.
In Albany, they hate our guts.
The Right (correctly) thinks we're nuts.
No, if at midnight-minus-one
The awful agony is done,
The reason why we'll get a break
Is panic at the splash we'd make.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I seen Yoders awed artikel about good old Oxford U. Now thats a place I always wanted to read about, but it cant be all that much cause you never hear of their foodball team. Anyway, like all the artikles in your mag, it said some forein words like Apologia pro Vita Sua and right then I knowed he was one of yourn. It also told about some of the students like Jowett and Newman (I didn't know they had jews in Oxford) and Merton and Manny and Sammy who slid in the meadow. And

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one guy named Duns must have wrote a poem named Scotus Oxford which must have been pretty good for old Yoder to remember it.

Whats with you guys anyway? I always tested at the 99 percentile on them IQs and I got the reading comprehension tests in my hip pocket, but like that guy Phillips says, you guys are writing for the creme de la creme (more of them forein words). No wonder your circulation is hat size. I hope them intellectuals come through when you pass the tin cup.

Yours truly,
Francis J. Sullivan
Weslaco, Texas

■ Dear Bill:

On page 600 of the NATIONAL REVIEW for July 6, you say, ". . . everyone who has a single share of oil stock is hurt by an end to depletion in the oil allowance."

You are not given to understatement, Bill, but this is exaggerated on the underside. Actually, every one of us, whether he holds a share of stock or not, is injured when the depletion allowance is reduced or abolished. This reduces the amount of capital available for developing new sources of energy. It idles the drilling rigs and means less energy and more problems for every one of us.

Sincerely yours,
Howard E. Kershner
Houston, Texas

■ Bill: Perhaps you missed the reference to your recent trip published in Moscow's *Literaturnaya Gazeta*.

Here it is, issue of August 6, translated by your servant,

FPH III,
Washington, D.C.

A HAWK ON THE ISLANDS OF HAWKS:

WHAT WIND BROUGHT WILLIAM BUCKLEY TO THE AZORES?

By Yurii Y. Artsev

They would seem to be merely no more than a dozen bits of dry land lost in the ocean more than 1,000 km. from Europe and still farther from America, but he bestirred himself to fly there as a special correspondent for the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* newspaper tandem and sent a report entitled "Freedom and the Azores" via the transatlantic cable.

If Buckley has shown his face there before it has been only at the height of the tourist season in winter in order to bask in the sun, but now, in summer, he is already hot from the burning problems which he has invented himself, such as the "Sovietization" of the Azores and the "tyranny" of Lisbon. He raises the question: Wouldn't the islands' separation from Portugal be an alternative?

The Azores (whose Portuguese name translates as "the islands of hawks") are attractive for NATO by virtue of their strategic position and their bases.

And thank God Buckley is not a politician, strategist, general, or admiral. But although he is merely a journalist and the editor of the archrightwing American weekly NATIONAL REVIEW, he is the kind of person whose characterization fits into a single phrase: Buckley is Buckley.

Naturally, the situation in the Azores is not to his liking. It is bad enough that little or almost nothing that William Buckley would like to see happen is occurring there; but, on the contrary, there are facts of the opposite nature which displease him greatly. But if a general on a white horse who possessed the "military magnetism of Spínola" were to turn up and proclaim himself president of the "independent republic of the Azores" and the local inhabitants were to support him, that turn of events would suit Buckley 100 per cent. He does not hide that.

It seems to him that it would be possible to find such a general and, operating on the well-known patterns, organize just the kind of "expression of the will" of the local inhabitants that he is already daydreaming of. Only, Buckley worries, would the U.S. Navy take them under its protection? This rhetorical question by no means loses its provocativeness because William Buckley has never commanded nor will ever command the U.S. Navy. He would return the world to the state of electric tension which was the general background of the international situation during the cold war.

The philosophy of interstate relations under the conditions of detente proceeds from the objective necessity of averting any confrontations. But Buckley has his own "philosophy." He confesses: "It is with a feeling of tremendous regret that I write that the local inhabitants have white skin. Otherwise the question of their independence would be solved simply: it would only cost the price of a postcard sent to the UN Security Council and addressed to Kurt Waldheim."

What cynicism, what an attitude toward the African and Asian countries which have achieved independence and become full members of the United Nations, toward all whose skin is a different color from Buckley's own! But Buckley's pen is already running on: "In this case we are faced with an operation in which we will hardly need the CIA. This time it is necessary only to embellish the document on separation with a little more anticolonialist rhetoric. The rest is child's play."

And this is almost a readymade scenario for those who are eager to "tackle" Portugal and the Portuguese and dictate to them how they must settle their internal affairs.

Yes, nevertheless, Buckley is Buckley.

Dear Yurii: I may not command the Navy, but you will have noticed what happened in Portugal shortly after I visited the Azores? Post hocsovitch, propter Buckleyvitch, you better believe.

—WFB

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Vulnerable

Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

ASIDE FROM THE FACT that one of his constituents tried to assassinate him, September has been a tolerably good month for Mr. Ford. But before considering the good, consider the bad.

Only the Lord and Charles Manson know where Lynette (Squeaky) Fromme's idea came from. But we know where her .45 caliber automatic pistol came from—the U.S. Government. It was made at the armory at Rock Island, Illinois, and later sold from surplus in 1913 into the open market. A .45 caliber automatic is a heavy weapon; it will stop an Oldsmobile at ten paces. But it is a poor choice for an assassin, and it is an especially poor choice for a small lady assassin.

It weighs nearly two and a half pounds. Except in the hands of a trained marksman, the .45 automatic is usually not accurate beyond 15 feet. There has been much progress in handgun technology since a would-be assassin tried to shoot President Andrew Jackson with two handguns, both of which misfired. But even the best automatic is less reliable than a good revolver. The mechanism is more complicated, so it can foul itself up. Even when the safety catch is off and the gun is cocked, the gun cannot be fired unless the slide mechanism on the top of the barrel is moved to insert a bullet into the chamber. "Squeaky" had not moved the mechanism, so there was no bullet in the chamber. Thank God for the notorious, unfailing incompetence of the counterculture. Mr. Ford was lucky, and so was the nation.

The incident injured no one except the Secret Service agent who tore the web of skin between his thumb and forefinger, either on the gunsight or by jamming his hand between the hammer and the firing pin. It reminded us of a grim truism. No matter how alert and competent the Secret Service is, anyone who does not look shockingly bizarre can get close enough to kill a President. So the incident was a reminder of how vulnerable the political order is to swift rearrangement.

Which brings me to the more pleasant September event, the adjustment of arrangements in the Sinai.

What hath Mr. Kissinger wrought? Not, certainly, a "Mideast settlement." Rather, he has produced an interim Sinai disengagement agreement. But that is far better for the U.S. than any conceivable comprehensive Mideast settlement could have been. Any comprehensive settlement would have been arrived at in Geneva, with the Soviet Union participating as an equal partner with the U.S. in striking the bargain.

This columnist has had his fair share of skeptical things to say about Mr. Kissinger. But never has Mr. Kissinger served the nation better than he did on this venture in shuttle diplomacy. Yes, such diplomacy, and the personalization of foreign policy that it implies, is still a high-risk enterprise and, yes, it is unseemly for a great nation to conduct its affairs that way. But even if you believe (and I don't recommend it) that this is "a nation of laws, not of men," still, no one can believe that this is a world of laws. Now as always, foreign policy is men dealing with men, virtually without such protecting buffers as institutions. What often matters most is the personal relations among the men, and Mr. Kissinger has remarkably good relations with President Sadat of Egypt. That, combined with the tolerable relations he has with Israeli leaders, was enough this time around.

No Arab Boycott

The great irony is that Mr. Kissinger's prestige, and the trust he inspires, probably has never been greater—in foreign capitals. But in Washington, the most important capital, trust in him is still ebbing. His latest achievement will not and should not erase the doubts about the form and substance of his diplomacy. But this achievement is remarkable.

It removes from the immediate future—from, say, the next three years—the likelihood of a major Mideast war. By a "major" war I mean one that involves Israel on two fronts—with Syria and Egypt—and perhaps even on a third front, with Jordan. Such a war would inevitably have taken on the aura of an "Arab world" effort, and probably would have involved an oil embargo, with incalculably adverse consequences for American political and economic health.

The new settlement is a divisive factor among Israel's enemies. Or, more precisely, it will prevent something that probably has been a chimera all along: a solid and aggressive unity among the Arab powers.

There probably will be no settlement with Syria now. The territory in dispute on the Golan Heights is too narrow to permit any "interim" settlements. And besides, Syria knows what Israel knows: Israel would make short work of Syria in any one-front war.

PLO KO'd

If Syria is miffed, Yasir Arafat is stricken. A few days after the signing of the Sinai agreement, Arafat appeared on CBS's *Face the Nation*. He looked like a man who had just discovered that the world is full of men even sneakier than Yasir Arafat. At the so-called Arab summit conference in Rabat, Morocco, last year, when Arafat was riding high, he seemed to believe that the other Arab powers meant what they said about submerging their national interests in an Arab crusade for Palestinian interests. But Egypt, the most important nation to the Palestinians, has gone its own way, and Saudi Arabia, the most generous friend of the Palestinians, has approved Egypt's having done so.

But perhaps the biggest loser in the Mideast is a superstate, the Soviet Union. Its influence is at a low ebb, especially since Sadat, responding to Soviet criticism of the agreement, issued a stinging attack on Moscow, an attack even stronger than his attack on Syria. Sadat accused the Soviet Union of sowing discord in the Arab world. It seems there is ample discord already.

So for the moment there is reason for cautious optimism about the world's most dangerous region. But then, having been reminded of the vulnerability of the political order to swift rearrangement, it is only prudent to remember that Sadat today is the leader most apt to be assassinated. □

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What Price Secrets?

THE MAIN PROVISIONS of the new Israel-Egypt-U.S. "interim agreement" that have been reported publicly are the following:

1. In the Sinai, the Israeli army will withdraw a few miles further east from the Suez Canal to the eastern entrance to the Gidi and Mitla passes. The Egyptians will make a corresponding advance, with the UN force remaining as a buffer.

2. Israel will continue to have early warning posts above the Gidi pass and elsewhere.

3. U.S. technicians will man, or join in manning, several warning posts, and will continue aircraft and satellite surveillance.

4. The Israelis will give up the Abu Rudeis oil field, from which they have been getting 55 per cent of their oil.

5. The Egyptians will permit Israel-bound cargoes to go through the Canal and will soften their attitude toward Israel in other ways.

6. The U.S. will give nearly a billion dollars of economic aid to Egypt.

7. The U.S. will give several billion dollars of military and economic aid to Israel.

8. The U.S. will supply Israel with some of its most advanced weapons systems.

The "Mideast problem" has always seemed to me the most confusing in the U.S. foreign policy repertory. This is not only because of the complexity of the geopolitical, historical, and cultural elements comprised within it, but because of the multiple and partly incompatible ways in which the U.S. views the problem and tries to deal with it. An analysis assuming the national interest as sole criterion is difficult enough. But this must be reconciled with the assumed unique relation to Israel, the oil troubles, the overhanging Soviet threat, and the facts and fancies of domestic opinion. I will not try, here and now, to do more than suggest why I think this agreement needs a lot of study before becoming the approved and accepted policy of the United States Government.

Transition to What?

1. The negotiators call their deal an "interim agreement." This would seem to mean a temporary understanding transitional to a subsequent permanent or "substantive" agreement. But if this 1975 agreement is a transition, what exactly is it a transition *to*? What is the longer-term policy objective—the U.S. objective, that is—toward which this agreement is an interim step? Is it the fulfillment of the UN resolution—endorsed at one time by the U.S.—for Israel's withdrawal to the 1967 boundaries? And if not, what? Unless we know the objective, we cannot judge whether this agreement does in fact serve a policy that Congress and the nation are willing to approve and support.

2. The agreement is terribly expensive for the U.S.: about $4 billion just for a starter. If this is the going rate per square mile for Israeli withdrawal from the conquered territories, it's going to take a good many trillions to pay for the rest of Sinai, the Golan Heights, the West Bank, and east Jerusalem. It is more or less known what Israel and Egypt will get for their first installment. What will the U.S. get? Under the agreement the U.S. will be giving more financial, economic, and military aid to Israel and Egypt (mostly to Israel) than to all the rest of the world. For a nation as for an individual, the allocation of available funds expresses priorities. Does the relationship of priorities expressed by this lopsided allocation rest on an intelligent estimate of the global situation? What if this proportion of money and effort were shifted to the aid of an anti-Communist Portugal as being essential to the defense of Europe?

3. There are reported to be forty or more secret clauses, many covering obligations entered into by the United States. This is too many secrets. Conceivably there could be justification for keeping secret some details of the weapons for Israel (though this is not self-evident). I can see no legitimate reason for keeping secret any clauses dealing with matters of policy. It may be awkward and sometimes frustrating for negotiators to have to take congressional and public opinion into account on policy decisions, but that's the way it is supposed to be in our setup.

4. How about our NATO allies? Have they been kept informed about these negotiations? Have their comments or advice been sought? What do *they* think about the terms?

5. This is not an Israel-Egypt but an Israel-Egypt-U.S. agreement. The role of the U.S. has not been merely that of honest broker or sponsor or fatherly advisor. The United States is a party to the agreement. The secret clauses contain many commitments of the U.S. to the other two parties in addition to the aid and the personnel.

Why U.S. Technicians?

6. The most publicized commitment of the U.S. is to supply a couple of hundred "technicians" (a word, we have learned in these decades of proxy conflicts, that covers a multitude of professions) to help man the early warning system. From a technological standpoint there is no reason that this job must be done by U.S. citizens. There could just as well be a UN contingent or the customary assortment of Irish, Swedish, Nigerian, and Swiss. The reason for specifying U.S. citizens is purely political: to display the involvement of the United States in the agreement, the depth of the U.S. commitment to its execution and its success. Secretary Kissinger, as is his way, will pooh-pooh the idea that these American early warners are witness to a U.S. commitment of any profound significance. The Israeli spokesmen are more open: *they* declared, flatly, that if the U.S. did not come through with the technicians, all bets were off. So we have also got to ponder whether we really want our country to make a commitment that will entangle *us* in the fate of the agreement—which, the precedents suggest, may not be too promising. What reason is there, from *our* point of view, to do so? The last time we tried something of the sort it didn't work out so well. □

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YAF's DILEMMA

Contradictions in Chicago

M. STANTON EVANS

THE YOUNG AMERICANS for Freedom got it together in Chicago recently, answering a number of political questions and raising others. The conservative youth group is now 15 years old, and has established itself as a permanent feature of the political landscape. Its progress and prosperity have been integral to the growth of American conservatism, and as such bear witness to the strength of the rightward impulse in our politics. Yet the group is in a strangely unfocused condition—and that is also testimony to the state of conservatism generally.

In the course of their four-day convention, the YAFniks heard from the usual quota of speakers, attended the usual banquets and seminars, and settled their usual intramural debates (Jeff Kane of Oregon was elected chairman). They cheered such heroes as William Buckley, Jesse Helms, and Ronald Reagan, and made their Reaganism formal in a presidential balloting. They also adopted a hefty bundle of resolutions suggesting that they have not relented in the slightest from their essential conservatism on the issues.

One could do worse, indeed, than adopt the Chicago resolutions as an agenda for the nation. Among them were a withering critique of detente, a hard-line position on the Panama Canal, support for the anti-Communists of Portugal, a call for deregulation of energy sources, stalwart opposition to busing, backing for tax limitation, and support for voluntary unionism. YAF's fighting spirit has clearly not abated.

Yet a mood of uncertainty hovered over the proceedings, born of events and factors beyond the control of YAF itself. These are the cadres of the conservative movement, ready to fall to work in behalf of the cause when they are given an appropriate lead. The problem is that nobody at the senior level is leading them; or, to be precise, nobody is leading them in the direction they would like to go.

The problem facing the young conservatives is identical to that confronting their elders. They think they see an opportunity for surfacing a new majority in America, as revealed in various opinion surveys and acknowledged by most attentive observers of our politics. And they are ready to labor in the political vineyards to bring that majority to fruition, if only somebody will step forth and show the way. And there, quite plainly, is the rub.

By and large the members of YAF appear to share the view of presidential politics that suffused last winter's Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC): that the job of creating the new majority will be accomplished, if at all, outside the confines of the Republican Party. Retiring national chairman Ron Docksai has been a vigorous advocate of this view, the convention re-affirmed it, and it seems pervasive in YAF ranks.

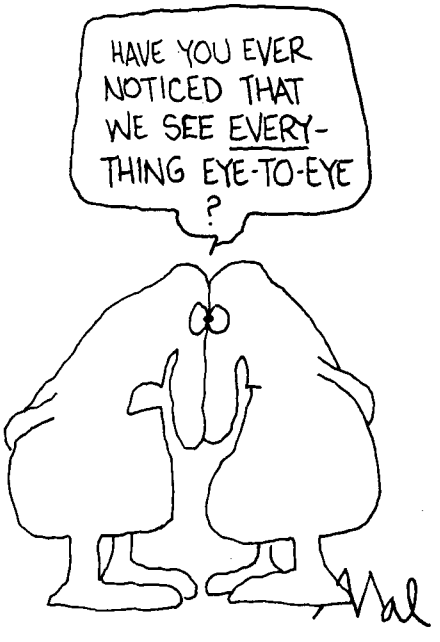
THE ANSWER, from the YAF perspective, is to break out of the Republican alignment and seek a common front with conservative Democrats who are unhappy with the drift of their particular party but disinclined to join the GOP. This theme was stressed in a panel on new party politics, examined in a speech by Senator Helms, and symbolically embodied in an appearance by Charles Snider, the manager of George Wallace's presidential drive. Coalition was in the air.

In fact, YAF's readiness to pursue a new party course was made official in a resolution that paralleled the CPAC manifesto of last February. "If the conservative majority is unable to be . . . represented through one or both of the present political parties," the resolution says, "Young Americans for Freedom will support the creation of a new major political party aimed at embodying the conservative principles of the majority of the American people."

But the difficulty here is that YAF's special favorite for the Presidency, Ronald Reagan, is playing in a different ballpark. If Reagan goes for the Presidency, as many observers now believe he will, it appears he will go in a Republican, not a new party, context. This point emerged explicitly in the panel discussion involving Snider and John Sears, executive vice chairman of the Citizens for Reagan Committee. Snider allowed that, denied the Democratic nomination, Wallace would probably go new party in the fall. Sears dumped cold water on any such scenario for Reagan.

Reagan himself has not entirely slammed the door on the new party option, but the obvious thrust of his thinking is toward an attempted reclamation of the Republican Party. And while YAF will muster forces behind any Reagan bid, the prospect of a Republican run presents complexities—like how to beat an incumbent President on his own political turf, and how to coalesce with Democrats inside the discredited GOP.

So YAF is still waiting for the proper signals and feeling the tension between its own analysis of the situation and the outlook of its senior leadership. Until that contradiction is resolved, YAF, like the conservative movement at large, will be functioning well below its full capacity. □



Mr. Evans is chairman of the American Conservative Union, writes a regular column for Human Events, *and helped initiate last winter's Conservative Political Action Conference.*

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INDIRA GANDHI AND HELSINKI

Explaining Marxism

AUBERON WAUGH

UNLIKE many of my friends, I never had much confidence in Mrs. Indira Gandhi. This may have been due to no more than sexist prejudice, which has often caused me to doubt, in the troubled, waking small hours, whether politics is really a suitable occupation for a lady. I have yet to meet a political female (as opposed to the gentle, non-political variety we have known and loved all these years) perfectly able to grasp the concept of political freedom, at any rate in its more complicated form extending to the political beliefs and activities of those with whom one does not happen to agree.

But at least they have that moral certainty which is invaluable for the cut and thrust of political debate. When Mrs. Gandhi was asked about the thousand-odd political prisoners now held without trial in India, she replied (as reported by William Buckley in the *Herald Tribune*) that perhaps she should increase her number of political prisoners a thousandfold so that the world's liberals would treat her as a serious progressive like her neighbor Mao Tse-tung.

This interested me because it is the first respectable estimate I have seen of the number of political prisoners in China. One reads so much about the wonderful Boy Scout spirit which inspires everyone to selfless toil; the disappearance of flies, which must have been either eaten or re-educated by Mao's Thought into butterflies; the impeccable honesty, efficiency, and politeness of hotel servants—but this aspect is generally omitted. The worst punishment in China, one is given to understand, is to be re-educated in the Thoughts of Mao. This may be accompanied by a period of work on an agricultural commune, but one is never encouraged by the starry-eyed press mandarins who go there to think of China as another vast prison camp, like Russia.

In fact, of course, a million political prisoners in a country of that size only 26 years after its successful revolution is quite a small score by the general average of Marxist experiments. What has happened to all those tiny Chinese dissidents? Even more disturbing, what has happened to those millions of workers who, by some perversity of disposition, were unable to be inspired by Marx's beautiful dream, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs," into a life of selfless toil for the common good? It is at such moments as this that one begins to wonder a little anxiously about that figure of 18 million political killings in China since the beginning of the Cultural Revolution, so blithely quoted in the Guinness Book of Records.

Baking the Marxist Cake

Most Marxist revolutionaries accept the need for a little bloodshed before their beautiful dreams can be realized. President Tito may or may not be a woman, as was widely believed in the wartime British military mission to Yugoslavia, but nobody who has studied the unspeakable things that happened throughout Croatia in Marxism's name at the end of the war can doubt that even quite mild versions of the Marxist cake require a certain coldness of approach toward the breaking of eggs.

All of which may be part of a Marxist's intellectual baggage, but I have yet to meet a Marxist of either sex who is prepared to admit that a continuing and gigantic apparatus of repression and punishment must also be a permanent feature of Marxist society.

This strikes me as so obvious as to be laughable. Of course it is a beautiful idea that everyone should work as hard as he can toward the common good, taking only what he needs, Gosh, I mean wouldn't *you* jolly well give of your best if you thought it was for the good of the community rather than just for your rotten old self? But the sad truth remains that an awful lot of people won't without coercion, and the usual result is a mixture of incompetence and coercion.

If I am right, and Marxist society will never be able to progress beyond the stage which it calls dictatorship of the proletariat, then of all the fatuous hopes inspired in the West by the Helsinki Conference, those reposed in what is called Basket Three—urging greater freedom of movement for people, information, and ideas across the Iron Curtain—were plainly the most fatuous of all.

The rest of the Helsinki pact is intended, from the Soviet point of view, simply to rub Eastern Europe's nose in the fact that nobody from the West is going to help if they try any monkey business while Russia's back is turned.

A few unscrupulous Western politicians may have seen Basket Three as a face-saver, but to anyone who believed in it, it was a wrecking amendment or it was nothing. To say to the Russians that we would sign their document under these conditions is rather as I might say to Kenneth Tynan that I will marry him provided he changes his sex, his face, and all his ridiculous opinions.

Of course one can ask oneself just how much importance the ordinary British worker attaches to the news; how much he would object if foreign travel were restricted to package outings under supervision to Black Sea resorts. I very much doubt whether the most dedicated Marxist economists could make more of a hash of our economy than our union leaders have in 18 months of trade union power, and as the British worker's attitude to his work under capitalism grows more like the Soviet worker's attitude to his work under Communism, it may seem that he has little to lose.

Which is why those of us who feel we have slightly more to lose are well advised to adopt a slightly devious approach when explaining the horrors of Communism. Few people in England care very much whether Peregrine Worsthorne and Paul Johnson are put into labor camps, but I fancy that concentration on the noble and self-sacrificing aspects of the Marxist gospel—the ideals of selfless work for the common good and sharing the fruits of our labor with the underdeveloped nations—might do the trick. □

Mr. Waugh is a regular contributor to The Spectator *and the* New Statesman *in which this piece first appeared.*

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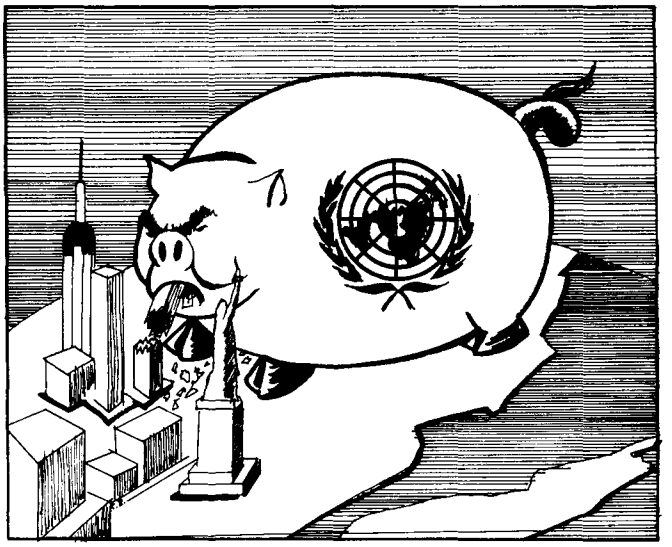
UN AT TURTLE BAY



Dying, Egypt, Dying: The UN Rolls Over

NICHOLAS KING

THE 30TH (are you *that* old?) session of the UN General Assembly is about to begin, and there is no doubt that the battle this fall, and perhaps forever after, will be between the forces of collective poverty and collective wealth.

Peace and war, national justice and tribal tyranny, sea beds, Mars, and even such perennial UN puddings as Rhodesian chrome will no doubt be thus weighed and measured, for are they not all the spawn of this very struggle? In debate after debate, in conference after conference, it has been evident that the demands made by poor countries on rich countries and the means of satisfying such demands are the central issue. And it follows that the schemes urged on the poor by the rich, schemes dealing with environment protection, population control, airplane hijacking, and the murder of baby seals, are to be treated solely in this light. (The rich countries being those of Europe, including sometimes the Soviet Union and North America above the Rio Grande. Japan too. The poor are the rest.)

The new American ambassador to the UN, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, knows perfectly well what he is facing; he understands what is happening in the world and in the UN. He is vigorous and experienced, and is blessed with education and a successful personality. Indeed, it may be that the United States will move into the fray, which has so far left it battered, with its eyes open for once, and will manage to put some air into the deflated balloon of its leadership.

Still, American opinion feels sorely buffetted by recent antics in the United Nations, especially the air-drop of Yasir Arafat into the General Assembly last winter. Perhaps it will blow up if it sees that the UN is becoming no more than a shaming forefinger jabbing at some of our proudest and most comfortable ideas. Can we stand to be attacked for our social visions and cultural dream-wishes—our present religious soul, in other words? Not and still

Mr. King was a foreign correspondent for UPI in the Fifties and was for a number of years on the editorial page of the New York Herald-Tribune. *He served as press attaché for the U.S. delegation to the United Nations under George Bush the year that Red China replaced Free China on the UN Security Council.*

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pay for so much of the show, croaks the old wisdom of the hills.

Whatever the details of the action in the UN in the days to come, we shall be very hard pressed. The old voices will be raised calling for us to get up and leave. The big, or rich, countries have indeed been leaving since the UN first set up shop in New York, in the sense that the powerful nations made the bargains they cared about directly with each other and told the UN about them afterward. But most people believed, or said they did, that the UN was worthwhile despite its weaknesses, a useful safety valve, a valuable arena for "quiet" diplomacy (meaning diplomacy carried on in the newspapers), above all a kind of serene, blimp-like plus sign, reassuringly hung with diplomatic paraphernalia and floating visibly above a boisterous world.

This was particularly true of the State Department, whose reluctant emissaries, footing the infected sidewalks of the East Side, swore constantly to themselves and to others that particular form of allegiance they could successfully work out. The public members of the U.S. delegations—that is, congressmen, actresses, astronauts, and other eye-catchers brought in from the outside—went through this equally fervently, or more so since their stay at the UN was limited to three months. Such an outstanding *esprit frondeur* as William F. Buckley Jr. explained in his book *United Nations Journal* how a delegate's good manners ought to outstrip his exasperation. The *New York Times* and the *New York Times* readers went along in the spirit of being constructive.

ORIGINALLY, the paralysis of UN proceedings by the long Soviet-American confrontation could perhaps be justified by the argument that the organization was at least seized by the capital issue of the world; paralysis was a damnable giant but a giant nevertheless. But now the UN has seated the Palestine Liberation Organization as observers (like the Swiss and the Vatican) and the General Assembly has heartily approved PLO methods of operation. The UN is already on record as refusing to condemn terrorism—its reasoning based on the claim, as it is in this case, that one man's terrorism is another man's nationalism. But Power, careless of charges of historical hypocrisy, does not accept that in the UN any more than it accepts it in the world. Power demands responsibility as Power currently understands it, and past and future bow willy-nilly to Power's constituency.

In recent times, Power has sat in self-congratulatory patience, drumming its fingers at spectacles like the attempt to brand the United States a colonial aggressor for the way it administers the Virgin Islands. But the UN has finally been forced into a role that can no longer be disguised or ignored. It has indeed become a hall for passing political rallies, like the Mutualité in Paris (except it's free), where Mother Goose figures, expelled by factional eruptions from unknown corners of the world, stretch their necks and ruffle their feathers to the applause of a robot-like if happy claque. They are like the elderly pretzels piled on the dog-wagons of 46th Street: someone is always ready to buy and munch them.

There is of course the "good" UN, the "behind-the scenes" UN, which carries on inconclusive engagements against illiteracy, disease, hunger, and cultural decay (although few could describe UNESCO as an upholder of cultural fiber). There is cheery UNICEF, with its praiseworthy though intolerable Christmas cards. These are the aspects of the United Nations which arouse the middle-class soul-searchings the public knows so well and doesn't fully believe. For the "good" and the "unseen" are just as subject to the corrosion of the worst kind of politics—if there are still people left who think that such domains are non-political.

Power demands responsibility as Power currently understands it, and past and future bow willy-nilly to Power's constituency

These developments come at a bad time for the UN, for it is elderly too. Despite occasional injections of fresh blood and increasingly athletic idealism, it is visibly grey after more than a quarter-century in harness. Its staff has never become the body of international civil servants that people as late as U Thant hoped for. Its changeless faces light up only at the memories of Dumbarton Oaks or Lake Success or the genuine if now distant embers of Dag Hammarskjöld. At once hardened and exhausted by intra-staff national rivalries, UN employees, defensive and yet possessive, are often at their most active when they are jockeying for better vacation and pension deals, which activity they justify, like all government employees, as the chief reason for "staying on." Almost the only cheerfulness in the place is exhibited by guards and bartenders. But then these people are New Yorkers.

Which brings up a fundamental flaw in the whole United Nations experience in the city. The UN does not like New York and has never liked it. It hates and fears it, the more so because it would hardly exist without it. That is why no one has ever taken seriously the periodic demands to move the UN to Helsinki or some other peaceful place: no one would ever hear of it again except disgruntled wire service stringers who could seldom get their copy on the A wire.

The hundred and thirty-odd members of the UN mission, with their personnel in the thousands, fit into the city's real estate plan through occupancy of large apartments on the Upper East Side, preferably in modern buildings. These are the ambassadorial residences. The mission offices are often in old town houses or in office buildings, or, in the case of the Russians, in a whole office-apartment house to themselves on East 67th Street. All these locations are guarded when appropriate by New York City policemen, which is quite often, although not nearly so often as the diplomats would like. If the UN ambassadors are pleased with their lodging arrangements, no one would know it. Privately and publicly they complain about New York. They further affect to know nothing about it, although Near Eastern diplomats buy baby lamb on 9th Avenue and Africans shop for tropical fruit at La Marqueta in East Harlem. They wail about street crime and burglaries and difficulties with Mafia-controlled air freight operations at Kennedy, and even lost car keys and utility bills. The Russians have taken

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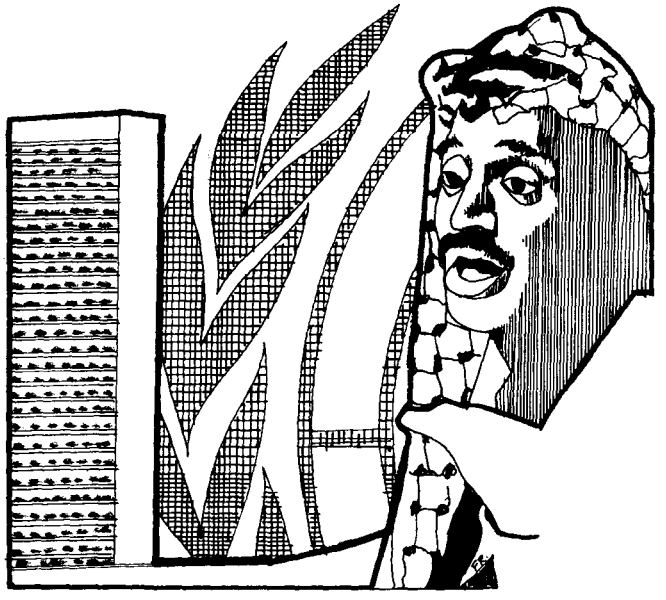
sniping and a good deal of general harassment from the Jewish Defense League but, in most cases, from the safe side of limousine windows and penthouse plate glass. The diplomats have it very good.

New York has made many efforts to lure them into its life. There is an official outfit, the New York City Commission for the United Nations, whose efficient mothering they gladly accept in the way of finding quarters and otherwise smoothing their arrival. Sometimes American ambassadors try to shake them up, like George Bush, who took his UN colleagues out to Shea Stadium for feasting at night games. The Mayor gives receptions for them at Gracie Mansion. The Metropolitan Museum opens its galleries regularly for dinners and receptions.

UN DIPLOMATS have excellent police services whatever their complaints—you can't get anywhere near the Waldorf when the Arafats come—paid for exclusively by the New York City taxpayer. They have maddening parking privileges, and if New York traffic cops have one commandment they revere it is never to tag a DPL or an FC plate. UN people even get local tax breaks—watch them arguing for a two-cent rebate chit with bewildered cone dippers at ice cream stands. The diplomats are indeed lavish in their expenditures for shopping and entertaining, but like the rent or maintenance of their apartments, most of it comes from reverse-foreign-aid government expense accounts.

In the old days, New York was at first delighted to discover it had become a diplomatic capital. It took Old New York (which is experience) just a few years to find out that a capital is what these particular diplomats do not make; it was far wiser to keep on going to London and Paris if one wanted to know ambassadors. It took Beautiful New York (which is from hunger) somewhat longer. It took fashion columnists longer still, but even they learned. And nowadays, UN people are very apt, if not fated, to be considered *prima facie* bores at New York parties. What New Yorkers think of UN parties it is unnecessary to say, for they rarely go to them. *Variety* has reported that UN diplomats are regulars, along with retired businessmen and off-duty cops, at hard-core pornographic movies. One might say that the UN is really a haven for the unrequited from out-of-town. As for New York, it has reversed Pope's famous progression as far as the UN is concerned: we first embraced, then pitied, now endure.



Inside the glass and marble walls of the UN buildings, past their handsomely maintained rose beds and espalier pears, the city's genuine tourists come to inspect. Well over nine million of them have come and gone, and this makes the UN unquestionably one of the great sightseeing attractions of New York. Visitors still respond bravely to the idea of going there, and, to speak fairly, the architecture stands up remarkably well, still one of the best contemporary building undertakings of its size and purpose. The interior is scrupulously and expensively kept, and the member nations' gifts of their local art have fortunately been kept off the walls as far as possible over the years. The housekeeping, which includes pitchers of fresh ice water and exquisitely sharpened pencils at every conference seat, is as impeccable as the gardening. Indeed, as a public meeting place the UN sparkles with neatness compared to the convention halls, hotels, and parks of the city.

As for New York, it has reversed Pope's famous progression as far as the UN is concerned: we first embraced, then pitied, now endure

In the bars and lounges and dining rooms reserved for the diplomats, the ever increasing clientele enjoys its form of society in front of impressive views of the East River, along with free telephones and soporific armchairs. There is a morning crowd and an afternoon crowd. Sometimes there is an evening crowd if there is a late debate in the General Assembly. If the debate is late enough and dramatic enough, an after-theater crowd in jewels and evening attire has been known to assemble. As a rule there is the sensation of being aboard a second-class cruise ship, a feeling of triviality about the hubbub, as though these people were waiting for a bridge instructor to clap his hands as a signal for them to get organized. In effect, UN diplomats are doubly uprooted, for in addition to existing in an alien environment, they do not seem to represent anything at all —ask any enterprising businessman who has tried to find an international client among them. They appear to have lost the strength of their native earth, demythicized Antaeuses forever held aloft: "You'd better try to get somebody at our embassy in Washington." The ultimate observation is that they are not even foreigners, but provincials, and Jamil Baroody of Saudi Arabia, the tourists' everlasting delight, is no more than a village post office bore.

People in the right places far afield sometimes say that one should not talk of the UN as though it were a separate entity, as though it were anything more than the sum of its members, for to do so is to distort the true expression of the feelings of the people represented there. There are other people near at hand who know it well, and they say that if the nations of the world were utterly to disappear, the UN would find new ones on the moon if need be. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Britannia Waives the Rules

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED movie serial, the British Parliament broke off for its summer vacation at a moment heavy with menace and unanswered questions. Is the whole country about to plunge over the brink into some unimaginable disaster? Can Harold Wilson and his Labor Government escape from the trap into which they've fallen? Will Margaret Thatcher and the Conservatives come to their rescue? See the next episode—next week, next month, next year . . .

A frightening wave of socialist legislation was also left hanging in the air: the Community Land Bill, which will virtually nationalize all building land; the Industry Bill, which will give the government almost unlimited power to interfere with, or take over, private business; the Employment Protection Bill, which is a vastly expensive catalogue of workers' benefits; the Wealth Tax, which within a generation will destroy family firms and farms and ancient homes.

The government has been hurrying Britain toward complete socialism so fast that a logjam of these measures had built up, which was suddenly made worse by the need to rush through Parliament, before the session ended, an emergency anti-inflation package. This package, which tends to be thought of as the £6 a Week for Almost Everybody Bill, was actually given a much vaguer and more confusing name—The Remuneration, Charges, and Grants Bill. The vagueness was deliberate, because the government is trying to legislate while pretending not to legislate, to constrain the unions while still swearing that it would never never do any such thing.

The essence of the package is that wage and salary increases during the next 12 months should be limited to £6 a week, except for bloated plutocrats earning over £8,500 a year, who will get nothing. But because the government promised the unions, as part of the moribund "social contract" (under which they were supposed to restrain their wage demands in gratitude for socialist legislation), that it would never impose statutory wage controls or subject trade unionists to legal penalties, this bill was expressed in a very peculiar way.

It defines the £6-a-week limit only by reference to "the policy set out" in the government's previously published White Paper: and, turning to the White Paper, we find that the policy is there defined by reference to a document issued by the Trades Union Congress called "Development of the Social Contract." So the policy is unashamedly that, not of the government or of Parliament or even of some corporate state agreement, but of the TUC; which is not to say that individual unions will abide by it.

What if they don't? Or what if some employer, threatened by a strike which could bankrupt him, pays more than the allowable £6? Statutory powers are said to have been drafted, but the government refuses to publish them, for fear of making militant trade unionists and its own left-wing members (including several cabinet ministers) even less willing than now to cooperate.

We do know that these statutory powers and penalties will be directed solely against employers, not against "working people." Mr. Wilson went out of his way to blame inflation not on the unions or on government expenditure (which has risen by 44 per cent in the past year), but on "rogue employers," who have apparently been forcing unwanted pound notes into the hands of reluctant workers. If these villains continue to behave so irresponsibly, price controls will prevent them from passing the costs on, and some unspecified criminal sanctions may be applied as well.

But at this point a difficulty arises. Under the ordinary principles of law, those who conspire to make others commit an offense are themselves guilty of an offense. Would that not apply to trade unionists striking against the £6-a-week limit? Suppose an employer asked the courts for an injunction against such a strike, and suppose—as recent experience shows to be very probable—that the strike leaders refused to obey the injunction. How then are "working people" to be kept out of jail? The government has been warned by its legal advisors that there is no proper way of avoiding this possibility, which is another reason why the statutory powers have been left vague.

Conservative members of Parliament objected that they were being asked to debate a policy without really knowing what it was. In the final vote they abstained. Some left-wing Labor members objected to the idea of curbing wages at all. Nor was the reputation of Parliament improved by the fact that MPs of all parties combined to vote themselves a huge salary increase, amounting to £25 a week immediately and much more later, before the limit was imposed. There was an acrimonious debate (with shouts of "Disgraceful!"), not over whether such an increase at this juncture was right, but over whether it was enough.

THIS IS THE SIXTH TIME since the war that a Bristish government which came to power saying that it didn't believe in wage controls has changed its mind and announced that wage controls in some form were now the only way to save the nation. And still the nation shows no sign of being saved. There are two interpretations of this strangely repeating pattern. One is that in a modern industrialized society an "incomes policy" is unavoidable, and that the mistake in the past has been not to persist with it. The other

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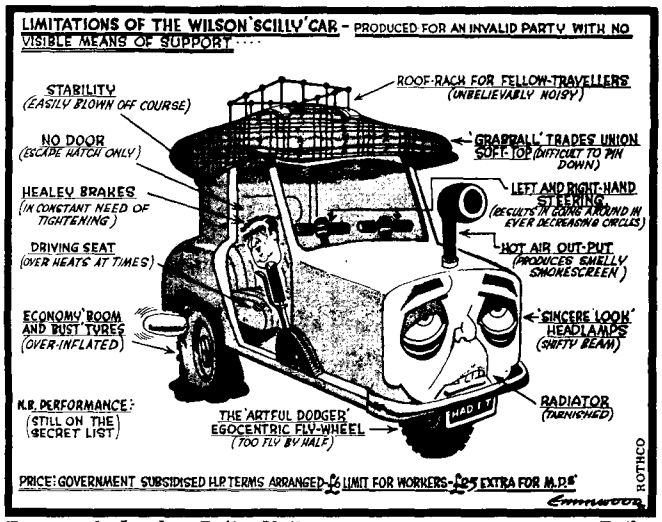
LIMITATIONS OF THE WILSON 'SCILLY' CAR - PRODUCED FOR AN INVALID PARTY WITH NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT....
STABILITY (EASILY BLOWN OFF COURSE)
NO DOOR (ESCAPE HATCH ONLY)
HEALEY BRAKES (IN CONSTANT NEED OF TIGHTENING)
DRIVING SEAT (OVER HEATS AT TIMES)
ECONOMY 'BOOM AND BUST' TYRES (OVER-INFLATED)
H.P. PERFORMANCE: (STILL ON THE SECRET LIST)
ROOF-RACK FOR FELLOW-TRAVELLERS (UNBELIEVABLY NOISY)
'GRABALL' TRADES UNION SOFT-TOP (DIFFICULT TO PIN DOWN)
LEFT AND RIGHT-HAND STEERING (RESULTS IN GOING AROUND IN EVER DECREASING CIRCLES)
HOT AIR OUT-PUT (PRODUCES SMELLY SMOKESCREEN)
'SINCERE LOOK' HEADLAMPS (SHIFTY BEAM)
RADIATOR (TARNISHED)
THE 'ARTFUL DODGER' EGOCENTRIC FLY-WHEEL (TOO FLY BY HALF)
MAD I T!
PRICE: GOVERNMENT SUBSIDISED H.P. TERMS ARRANGED - £6 LIMIT FOR WORKERS - £25 EXTRA FOR M.P.'S
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Emmwood, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

is that human beings, and politicians especially, do not learn from experience; not, at least, when the lesson is difficult and unpalatable.

Each new "incomes policy" has been greeted with a round of applause from gullible commentators and ostensibly non-political businessmen. "It's Bouquet-Time," burbled the Labor-supporting *Sunday Mirror* when the government's package was announced; an enthusiasm quite unconnected, of course, with the fact that, over the past few years, Mr. Wilson's government has awarded life peerages to five executives of the *Mirror* group and that the paper's Industrial Editor has been given charge of a special Civil Service unit to produce propaganda in favor of the anti-inflation package.

But is it bouquet-time? Will the package work? The consensus of opinion, outside the mushy center, is that it hasn't a hope.

Less than a year ago, when the government was interested only in winning the election, Denis Healey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, claimed without a blush that he had reduced the rate of inflation to 8.5 per cent. The true rate then was over 20 per cent, and is now over 30 per cent. Production, on the other hand, has actually fallen. And public expenditure has soared out of control. Britain was, and still is, living on money borrowed from abroad.

Until now, the government's only policy for dealing with this appalling situation was the fictitious "social contract." Inevitably the moment came, in June, when the value of the pound against other currencies was dropping so fast that something simply had to be done. Hence these new measures, the need for which was put, starkly enough, in the government's White Paper. "This is a plan to save our country," it says. "If we do not achieve a drastic reduction in the present rate of inflation, the British people will be engulfed in general economic catastrophe of incalculable proportions."

Strong words—but the remedy proposed is far from matching them. Despite assertions that this is a tough policy, and despite the indignation of some trade unionists, the policy isn't tough at all. It has still been framed to please the unions, and there are no real cuts yet in public expenditure—on the contrary, the only figure so far specified is for an increase in food and rent subsidies, again because the unions demanded it. The very fact that the Labor Government, although creaking, has not split, that its Marxist wing has not broken away, demonstrates the inadequacy of the measures taken.

Admittedly, the "incomes policy" is partly cosmetic. The quiet squeeze which has been imposed on the money supply is more important. But unemployment is already rising sharply, and with it the pressure to reflate. When the next economic crisis comes—and there will be another crisis before very long—the government will be pulled in opposite directions: by Britain's creditors, demanding an end to reckless expenditure paid for with printed and borrowed money, and by the Marxist wing of the Labor Party, proclaiming no surrender to international capitalism and calling for a siege economy with more socialist expenditure, not less.

At that point the government could very well split in two, or at least part of it might break away, leaving Mr. Wilson dependent for his survival on Conservative support. He will claim, and so will the editorial writers of the soft center, that such support should be given in the national interest. The Conservatives will then be faced, as to some extent they have already been faced, with an extremely delicate tactical problem. They must not seem unpatriotic, but does patriotism really require them to support a ruinously socialist government? Could they demand, as the price for their informal suport, the dropping of socialist legislation? Or could they, and should they, insist on a coalition government, which they might hope to dominate? Or dare they force an election?

Unfortunately, the Conservatives too are split. Their deposed leader, Edward Heath, bitterly resents his overthrow. He has been behaving most boorishly toward his successor, Margaret Thatcher, and, supported by a few senior myrmidons, still preaches the doctrine of an "incomes policy" and corporate statism, to which he was converted while in office. Mrs. Thatcher, who was backed largely by Conservatives who want to repudiate that doctrine, hasn't the weight to outgun him; the fear is that she may not be cunning enough to handle the political situation as it develops. Harold Wilson, on the other hand, is very cunning indeed, and knows how to exploit any division among his opponents.

"A week," he once said, "is a long time in politics"; and in this belief, if no other, he has been perfectly consistent. The anti-inflation package is typical—a short-term palliative, not a long-term cure; designed, not to save the country, but to save the Labor Government until after the party conferences in early autumn. Then he will try something else—another economic package, another political balancing act.

AND, WHILE ALL this goes on, while members of Parliament play their games, and Mr. Heath sulks, and Mrs. Thatcher tries to establish herself, and the Marxists nibble away at the woodwork, and Mr. Wilson waits confidently for something to turn up, there is a general feeling in Britain that, sooner or later, the train must hit the buffers, the avalanche must fall, and that perhaps a cataclysm would actually be better than an endlessly continuing slide; but nobody knows what the cataclysm would be like, or what would finally precipitate it. Nor can anyone be sure who the ultimate beneficiaries would be. The enemies of freedom are certainly waiting in the wings. □

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MONT PELERIN SOCIETY

Microeconomics, Macrofellowship

TIMOTHY J. WHEELER

HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN—At the concluding dinner, a mood of sheer bliss descended on some 235 members and guests of the Mont Pelerin Society, as if an Invisible Hand had prankishly arranged a sneak preview of Utopia for this gathering of professed anti-utopians and individualists. During the week, old friends had been reunited in most agreeable surroundings, and a fellowship of the mind flowered as it has each year since the Society was founded in 1947. Business had been concluded, a seven-course French dinner was at hand, and the wines and champagne were excellent. One after another, members rose to offer toasts: to Hillsdale President George C. Roche III, host to the gathering; to the Society; to the Queen; to Milton Friedman, Bill Hutt, Shirley Letwin, humanism and scientism, Don Lipsett, Don Houghton, the accommodations, the service, the staff, the Austrians, the "Friedmaniacs," and to MPS founder Friedrich A. Hayek. One fellow disappeared into the service regions with a bottle of champagne for the staffers, and almost instantly a fresh bottle appeared on his table. It was magic. Finally the hour of parting came, and the good society became clusters of individuals once again, wandering out, as somebody put it, to find the best "committee meeting." Tomorrow we diet.

The regional Mont Pelerin meeting at Hillsdale College August 24-28 was only the third held on American soil (the others were at Princeton, 1958, and Rockford College, 1971). Even at that, the Society is rapidly exhausting our supply of private colleges with libertarian instincts. Hillsdale, like Rockford, is a small, fiercely independent liberal arts school with a well-earned reputation for resisting federal funding and intrusions. It has an enrollment of about a thousand, is modestly equipped, and is set in a decaying lumber and rail hamlet of the same name.

Given Don Lipsett's fine hand, we could expect a well-organized and fruitful meeting. What we could not expect was the pampering and elegant food that attended us from beginning to end. Fruit and flowers in our rooms, pristine maid service, short working hours, long coffee breaks, and such meals. . . . Sunday appetizers: cheese logs, dips, liver and bacon, clams, shrimp, followed by drinks on the house and a modest buffet dinner of ham, fish, lobster, turkey, and prime rib. Clearly, unseen benefactors had picked up the tab; otherwise Hillsdale's budget would have rocketed into federal orbit.

The fare to nourish the mind, on the theme of F. A. Hayek's works, was hardly less tempting. After dinner Sunday evening, Mont Pelerin President Gaston Leduc manfully greeted the gathering in American English. My fetching, black-eyed dinner companion, Amy McDowell, who is going on ten, had a bit of trouble following the remarks, but delighted in the Gallic tones. George Roche then offered a thoughtful address on "The Relevance of F. A. Hayek." "The clarity and perception of Hayek's world view are needed now as never before," he said, citing Hayek's economic contributions, but also his warning that the means of enlarging freedom "lie outside the scope of technical economics or of any other single discipline"—in moral principle, in a sense of self-restraint and responsibility nourished by tradition, and in a true rule of law that transcends mere legislation.

Regular sessions, which began Monday morning (after a now almost believable breakfast of eggs benedict, hash browns, omelettes, apple sauce, French toast, melon, bacon, juice, toast, and coffee), all followed the format of a major paper on some aspect of Hayek's work, followed by three shorter discussion papers, followed by comments from the floor. The first paper, on Hayek's early work in technical economics, was delivered by Hayek's friend of fifty years, economist Fritz Machlup. Professor Machlup outlined Hayek's capital theory, and noted that Hayek and Myrdal—co-winners of the 1974 Nobel Prize for economics—had both corrected the theoretical error that stable prices put "natural" and market rates of interest at parity. He credited Hayek with noting that stable prices denote inflation, which leads to crisis. (Hayek predicted the 1929 crash.) Fred Glabe of the University of Colorado recalled some highlights of Keynes *v.* Hayek, at Keynes's expense. Arthur Kemp cited Hayek's admonition that social theory must start without unavoidable ignorance of the consequences of our actions, and his insight that the benefits of freedom are not confined to those who exercise it. W. H. Hutt amused the meeting by recalling that Hayek had not bothered to criticize Keynes's *General Theory* because he felt Keynes was at the time changing his mind so fast he'd soon get around to denouncing it himself.

ARTHUR SHENFIELD's lucid paper on "Scientism and the Study of Society" raised questions much discussed during the meeting, on scientific methodology in the social sciences in general, and in economics in particular—akin to the dispute between macro- and micro-economics already touched on by Machlup. The "micros," arguing roughly that you can't understand the forest unless you first understand a tree, seemed to get the best of the argument. But the general methodological question evoked more opinion than agreement. John Davenport discussed the necessary and often troublesome distinction between the *is* and the *ought*, between purely scientific findings and value judgments, especially when dealing with "value-hot" material. Bill Havender of Berkeley raised the possibility, based on recent successes in his own field of genetics, that the techniques of the physical sciences might one day be able to shed more light on recurrent social processes, as, for instance, "the rise of a kakistocracy (rule by the worst) under socialism; the system, you know, whereby the meek inherit the dearth."

(Continues on page 1069)

Mr. Wheeler is an associate editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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A HEADY PROPOSAL

Where Do We Go From Keynes?

W. H. HUTT

A FEW WEEKS after the appearance of Keynes's *General Theory* in 1936, I predicted that it would have an enormous influence. I warned that it could easily prove to be the most serious single blow that the authority of economics had yet suffered, and that it could very well lead us to damnation. It very nearly has.

All over the free world, governments eagerly welcomed Keynesian advisors, and economies drifted toward dire trouble. The "experts" assured everyone that, through careful fiscal policy, it was possible to spend languishing economies into vigorous activity. Relying upon meticulous interpretation of "national accounts," they claimed the ability, through what they liked to call "fine-tuning," so to administer the medicine of creeping inflation as to win prosperity with the minimum sacrifice of the money unit's purchasing power. In the light of the claimed intention, what an utter failure the Keynesian experiment has proved to be!

Nixon inherited the mess and, in spite of his including some non-Keynesians among his advisors, seemed to find it impossible to discard policies to which the Congress, the Treasury, and the Federal Reserve had so long ago become accustomed. President Ford is still struggling in the backwash of the same follies. For instance, although the *real* rate of interest on bonds (i.e., allowing for inflation) is negative, he seems to pledge that the Fed has been told to reduce it still further.

As the supply of macroeconomic treatises responded to demand, there was originally no hint that the most important technical requirement for the success of "full employment through inflation" was that of causing false expectations. But deceiving the community (especially the business community) about the frequency and duration of the doses of inflation deemed necessary from time to time for economic health was soon seen to be essential. One of the most important methods of deception throughout has been the claim of governments to be "fighting" inflation, and it is still being desperately tried today. President Ford appeals to all of us to "fight" inflation, instead of calling upon us to make the abandonment of inflation less painful.

Nevertheless, about two decades ago, all practical men finally came to perceive the vital ingredient of deception in the "fiscal" approach, although most Keynesian economists would have denied indignantly that they used the bamboozling technique. But during the last decade it has become quite impossible to continue to deny it in all contexts. Only with the emergence of the contemporary chaos have we found Keynesian diehards frankly admitting what had previously been denied or hushed up, namely, that successful injections of inflation require the deliberate misleading of the people. Professor James Tobin of Yale (who today probably thinks of himself as Keynes's representative on earth) now charges the critics of Keynesianism with accepting "an appealing but unverified assumption that you can't fool all the people all the time."

THE FACTS refute Tobin, of course. Indeed, the acceleration of the rate at which the dollar and other currencies have recently been depreciating has been due solely to the increasing difficulty of continually "fooling" a sufficient number of people. The more widely the speed and duration of any intended inflation is perceived, the smaller its crude coordinative effects in bringing prices in line with wage rates. Is it surprising, then, that the process has at last got completely out of hand? What has happened to "fine-tuning"?

Governments now recognize that unless they abandon the policy of forcing up prices at an ever-increasing rate, they will be facing disaster; while if they do abandon the policy, they will simply be facing disaster in another form—a severe increase in joblessness and bankruptcies. As F. A. Hayek warned in 1969, the politicians were bound to wake up someday and find that they had "a tiger by the tail." The award to Hayek of a Nobel Prize has been largely due, I believe, to the gradual growth of a feeling that perhaps, after all, the so-called "Austrian school" of economics (of which Hayek must now be regarded as the figurehead) has had the answers to the world's most urgent economic problems all along, while Keynesian-inspired macroeconomic polices have been a tragic mistake from the beginning.

It is indeed *conceivable* that if Keynes had never lived, the political developments of this age would, in one way or another, have prompted governments to find other economists to rationalize policies which they judged would keep them in power or help them in bidding for power. Keynesian policies had, for example, been adopted in the United States six years before the publication of the *General Theory*. Following the 1929 stock exchange debacle, the authorities jawboned the business world into a policy of keeping up the cost of labor in the belief that high wage rates meant high total incomes. The policy had, of course, exactly the opposite effect upon the workers' aggregate real earning power; and the United States was consequently thrown into the worst depression it its history. Wages were held up while prices fell, driving businesses to the wall. But Keynes's now long-discredited "unemployment equilibrium" theory seemed, in 1936, to provide a justification for perseverance with what had, even at that time, already proved disastrous.

What the United States economy really needed in 1930 was a policy designed to initiate recovery and restore confidence through the adjustment of labor and other production costs ("inputs") in accordance with the temporarily depressed investment prospects, and through the careful adjustment of the money supply to rising output. Had that policy been followed in the United States, the 1929 crash need never have

Mr. Hutt teaches at the University of Dallas. His latest books are The Strike Threat System *and* The Rehabilitation of Say's Law.

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detonated the "Great Depression." Through the repercussions of Say's Law (increased production constitutes real demand for goods and services to exchange for it), the pricing of each input and output in accordance with its market-clearing value would have been expressing demand for such other inputs or outputs, labor or products, as were destined to be exchanged for it. Recuperation could have been rapid and orderly.

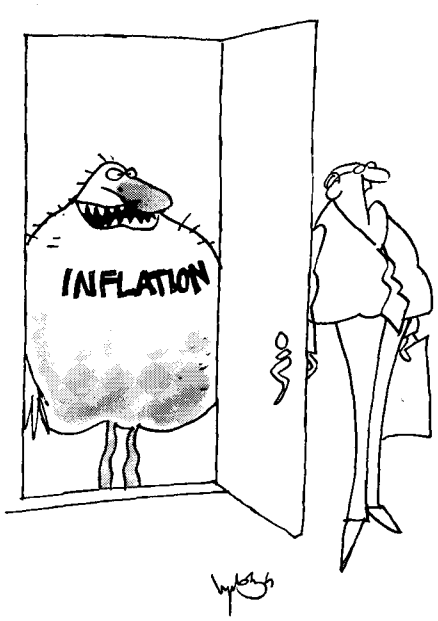
But as I wrote in the year before Keynes's *magnum opus* appeared, economists who then saw things more or less as I did were "doomed to virtual dumbness, . . . aware of a periodic recurrence of a sense of utter helplessness," wholly unable to influence policy and action. What Keynes had done, in ridiculing those he called the "classical economists," was to exclude them from any influential hearing. In that way the consequences of his book were enormous.

IT IS A TRAGEDY that the fiasco of Keynesian policies, now manifest, has generally discredited economists. A recent article in the international *Herald Tribune* was entitled "Dismal Performance by the 'Dismal Science.'" The article made no differentiation between Keynesians and non-Keynesians. Its author quoted Professor Robert Gordon of Berkeley, who declared rhetorically, "Find me an economist who can explain the causes of the current surge of inflation and cure it without causing unemployment, and I'd like to meet him." Well, I have already met Professor Gordon, and I now accept his challenge. I have the solution. And it is a politically viable solution. If just one statesman with real leadership, imagination, and courage could inspire the leaders of private enterprise to finance support of a program for *high real wages* (the sum of real wages actually received), as opposed to *high real wage rates* (the price of labor *per hour*), prosperity without inflation would be rapidly achievable. The distinction is between *the price* of labor and *the flow* of labor's earnings.

What is needed is a suppression of private activities which have for so long been holding down the prospective wages and income-flow. This has occurred through the pricing of labor (and perhaps other inputs) in key industries at high levels, which causes a contraction of outputs, thereby preventing potential demands for other products and services from becoming effective demands. Before suggesting a practical way of solving this problem, I should refer to a most important book by Professor Gottfried Haberler, *Economic Growth and Stability* (Nash, 1974). In a rigorous exposure of the folly of incomes policies, as we have so far experienced them, Haberler stresses the importance of distinguishing between structural reforms to reduce *monopolistically fixed* prices or wage rates, and controls imposed to hold down *competitively determined* prices and wage rates. Insisting that if inflation is to be halted and depression avoided, union power must be curbed, he makes suggestions about how this might be done.

About four years ago, I put similar suggestions to Professor Robert Gordon, whose reply was that there was virtually no chance of successfully moving to curb union power. Haberler recognizes how common this viewpoint is, but describes it as "a defeatist conclusion." He insists further that there *is* "no synthetic substitute" for the type of reforms he has in mind.

But it is the stress that Haberler places on the lack of any "'profit-push' to correspond with 'wage-push'" that is most relevant to Professor Gordon's challenge. However serious non-labor monopolies may be, they cannot be honestly accused of persistently forcing up profits. If anyone is inclined to doubt this, let him explain the course of the Dow Jones Index during the last decade.



". . . Agnes!"

Whenever labor costs in certain activities are raised through strike threats, demands for non-competing products and labor services must decline unless inflation makes up the deficiency; and when that happens, the burdens imposed on all of us as consumers are further aggravated. Hence, if all wage rates pushed up by strikes or threat of strikes were rolled back through exposure to competition, while other wage rates, final prices, and profits, already largely determined by the social discipline of the free market, were to continue to be so determined, *we could rightly forecast an explosive increase in the flow of real incomes and hence in demands for goods and services.* Congress could begin by legislating a five-year moratorium against strikes and strike threats, as well as adopting other reforms that Haberler has suggested: withdrawal of special privileges, elimination of welfare subsidies to strikers, liberalization of imports, etc.

ECONOMISTS who tried hard to keep swimming with the Keynesian tide have been trying in recent years to deny that the non-Keynesians of the Twenties and Thirties had the solutions to the problems which had emerged. The truth is that non-Keynesians hardly ever got an effective hearing after 1936; and even when their case was communicated, they were charged with suggesting "politically impossible" courses of action.

Perhaps the greatest political problem of this age is whether those with vested interests in low wages and inequalities of income, namely, the union hierarchies, protected by what Douglas Caddy has called "the hundred-million-dollar payoff" to corrupt legislators, can be effectively challenged. But Haberler, one of the most moderate, least doctrinaire, and most respected among the non-Keynesians, insists that there is no other way of providing for full employment than by drastically curtailing union privileges and immunities.

A great leader in any party could call upon voters in every constitutency to refuse to vote for any candidate who has received part of "the hundred-million-dollar payoff." And the leader's slogan could be: "High wages, employment security, equity in distribution, and the banishment of inflation." □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

The Pope's Jews, A Rejoinder

SAM WAAGENAAR

I AM ASTONISHED at the acrimony, lingering echoes of bygone quarrels, which marked your review (Peter Wells, April 25) of my book on *The Pope's Jews*. In order to mount such a fusillade Mr. Wells must have scraped all the available theological arsenals for ancient grapeshot. One would think that I had written some eighteenth century pamphlet in the spirit of Voltaire, or some nineteenth century tome in the spirit of Darwin. Actually, my book is a rather broad historical canvas, depicting the survival of the Jews of Rome over some twenty centuries from Caesar to the tragic years of Mussolini and Hitler. Mr. Wells's fury apparently derives from his response only to the last chapters, which deal with the era of Pope Pius XII. He evidently feels that I should write history in accordance with the edict of papal infallibility.

I am indeed critical of the Pope's policy of non-intervention as millions of Jews were exterminated during World War II. My book presents the facts of history, including some new and hitherto unpublished material. Mr. Wells is on very uncertain ground in trying to challenge the documentary record. He argues that the Pope did intervene, at least verbally, in his Christmas speech of 1942: "this . . . clear rebuke moved the Nazi leader Heydrich to say that the Pope was accusing the German people and becoming the mouthpiece of Jewish war criminals." But by Christmas 1942, Heydrich the "Hangman" was already dead (killed by a bomb in Prague on May 29), and hardly in a position to give testimony on this matter.

Your reviewer is on even more uncertain ground when he charges me with "titillating observations" and is presumably shocked that my book was launched with "full-page advertising, a scandal-hinting title, and, for the opening, a four-page vulgar joke about Jews and a pope." The full-page advertisement was devoted to quoting the favorable opinions of a wide variety of historians, Christians and Jews alike, attesting to the book's fairness. The "scandal" in the title refers to the fact that for more than three centuries (1555 to 1870) the Roman Jews were confined by papal decree behind the walls of a ghetto, without the most elementary civil rights, with the status of serfs of the Papacy; they were indeed "the Pope's Jews." As for the "vulgarity" of my prefatory anecdote, your reviewer must truly be lacking in any sense of humor. The story I narrated was, to be sure, not intended to induce laughter, but it did in its wryness suggest the profoundly innocent way in which the minds and spirits of the two religious communities divided.

Mr. Wells imagines I belong to some vile group of partisans who "believe that Christians condoned the savage Nazi persecutions of the Jews" and that "Christians are natural haters of Jews." I do not, and can only feel that this is a childishly irresponsible way of polemicizing. Throughout my book I give full and unstinting credit to a great number of Catholics, including a goodly number of priests who fulfilled valiantly their Christian obligations, often at the risk of their lives, by helping Jewish neighbors during the Nazi occupation of Europe.

Mr. Wells's charges of partisanship, prejudice, and subjectivity are without foundation, and stand alone in all the commentaries on my book. In London the *Catholic Herald* noted that "Mr. Waagenaar weighs the evidence on both sides with great care." It is no mere writer's bias which raises vexing questions about Pope Pius XII's wartime policy toward Hitler. In 1940 Cardinal Tisserant wrote that he had requested the Pope "with insistence to publish an encyclical on the individual duty to obey the command of one's conscience," because "history tomorrow should not be allowed to reproach the Holy See with having followed a line of political convenience which was serving its own advantage exclusively."

There is, as I have said, evidence on both sides, but I wonder whether your reviewer is prepared to weigh any of it carefully. Thus, the *Osservatore Romano* did claim on October 25, 1943 that the Pope's willingness to help the victimized Jews had "increased," in a spirit that knew "neither frontiers, nor nationality, religion or race . . ." But the cruel fact of the matter is that the German ambassador to the Vatican cabled Berlin not to worry about the remark, for the message was couched "in the typical style of the Vatican paper, in other words meandering and unclear."

Direct and clear were the efforts of many individual priests, and Christians of many faiths, in the face of the Nazi extermination policy. I have seen no evidence at all that these were instigated by the high policy of the Papacy.

NONE OF THIS, and nothing in my book, has anything to do with the tendentiousness which marks old-fashioned theological disputations about Christ and Judas, or Christianity and Judaism, or the Pope as Vicar or "devil." I was concerned, at least in the last chapters of *The Pope's Jews*, to make a modern historical estimate of the role which one pope, with vast institutional and spiritual powers at his command, played in the unfolding drama of the Jewish holocaust. May I quote my conclusion as a final protest against your reviewer's gross falsification of my position, its argumentation, and its spirit?

> . . . And thus, while six million European Jews died, including over 8,000 from Italy and 2,092 from Rome, Pope Pius XII, to avoid worse, remained silent.
>
> There is no escaping history. The Vatican—which has had a millennial history of true saints and martyrs, and whose moralists have disseminated so much theological insight into the nature of sin and the shortcomings of men—will simply have to learn to live with the bitterness, with the chagrin and the pity, with the ineradicability of this tragedy. □

Mr. Waagenaar is a Dutch-born American citizen living in Rome.

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THE PANIC SYNDROME

Hazardous Protections

S. L. VARNADO

I WOULD BE the first to admit that I welcome a certain amount of protection from the government. That, as I see it, is one of the things government is all about. I get a mild satisfaction from seeing the streets filled with dogcatchers, lifeguards, traffic cops, sergeant majors, drawbridge drawers, and even electric chair operators, all going merrily about their work.

Yea, I can even put up with a limited amount of consumer protection from the government. I will permit the government to stick its nose into my meat and medicine on the tentative assumption that bad meat and medicine *may* be worse than bureaucracy. In fact, to be perfectly honest, there was even a time when I had a good word for Nader—that was before he reached his zenith.

But having admitted all this, I will admit no more. There is a line beyond which consumer protection should not go.

We now have a situation in which the citizen finds himself actually endangered by government protection. Alternately cajoled, warned, coddled, chastened, and menaced by the Protectors, the average sensual man has lost faith in all products, and may be headed for a nervous collapse. Where is the man today who can approach his bug spray, his deodorant, his dry cereal —even his fertilizer—with the same flush of innocent anticipation that he felt of yore? We suffer from what the French might call an *embarras de sauvegardes* if the French were worriers. A wave of the blackest suspicion has descended upon all goods and services. One no longer says casually, "As American as apple pie"—we have been warned too often that the pie contains noxious additives. Even our drinking water has fallen victim to this slander. They tell us it may contain *carcinogens*, a name calculated to wreak havoc on the nerves even before the carcinogens themselves get to our bodies.

This madness, however, reaches new heights when it is a question of protection against airline hijacking. Here is a matter ready made for the Protective Syndrome, since everybody in the world, so far as I can tell, feels a bit jumpy when he has to fly in an airplane. What sane man ever felt *perfectly* safe seated thousands of feet up in the air? And when you combine this fear of heights with the equally poignant fear of being mugged in mid-air, what you get is panic unlimited. A kind of frenzy has broken out at the airports, checkpoints, and loading ramps of our nation. Let me illustrate with a simple tale, and so to bed.

My wife was going on a trip to Atlanta, Georgia. She was flying, and she planned to take our 16-month-old son with her. To quiet him, if he got obstreperous, she intended to bring a toy for him to play with: a large, wonderfully absurd, plastic pistol of the type known technically as a Ray Gun. It was wild, and the baby loved it. It was red, white, and blue, had a spiraling, trumpet-shaped barrel, and made a weird noise when you triggered it—something like "Khwing-Khwang." Frankly, I had had some fun with the thing myself.

At any rate, armed with ticket, baby, and Ray Gun, my wife sallied out to the airport and came up to the checkpoint for her inspection. She passed the metal detectors all right, but when the security guard began to rummage through her purse, he found the Ray Gun and somewhat apologetically informed her that she could not take it aboard the plane. Why not? she asked, juggling the baby, who began to yelp. Because, she was told, a hijacker might use such a toy Ray Gun to bluff the pilot and make him take the plane to Cuba. In spite of my wife's annoyance, and the baby's pitiful screams, the guard manfully stuck to his orders, but promised that the gun would be given back on her return.

But on her return trip, when she demanded the gun, it was not to be found. A search was instituted (or so she was led to believe)—a search that included baggage departments, ticket booths, and the desks of vice presidents, but all to no avail. I imagine that the officials (for they had gotten into the act by this time) thought that with a little soothing my wife would forgive, forget, and go peacefully. After all, she appears to be such a whimsical and desultory creature. And she is. She came home with one whimsical and desultory thought churning around in her brain: to have that gun at any cost.

Of course, I tried to laugh her out of it (my first mistake). I explained to her that since the airport was 15 miles from home, logic dictated that it would be more sensible to forget the matter and just buy another pistol.

"Logic!" she said, sniffing the sniff she reserves only for the most overt forms of hypocrisy. She then assured me coldly that I was 1) "all theory," and 2) a "social coward." These are shibboleths she throws at me when she is really annoyed. "I'll get that pistol," she said dramatically, like Grant at Vicksburg, "if it takes all winter."

SHE THEN plunged into a three day telephone campaign with the airline which, much to my surprise, ended in her ultimate triumph. But the victory was not won without a great many of those pointless and disconcerting telephone sessions with "the officials" in which you find yourself alternately connected and disconnected, shifted about from office to office like an unwanted cat, put on "hold" and then asked what you are doing on "hold," forced to talk with odd and extraneous people, subtly insulted, condescendingly apologized to, and the like. But when somebody at the other end of the line finally told her that the Ray Gun had been located, she was quietly jubilant. "It just takes a little firmness," she assured me, and firmly sent me out to the airport to pick up the gun.

I need scarcely add that when I reached the airport, I had to start all over again. Nobody had the slightest idea what I was talking about, and as for the devious and unscrupulous person who had raised false hopes in my

(Continues on page 1071)

Mr. Varnado is a professor of English at the University of South Alabama.

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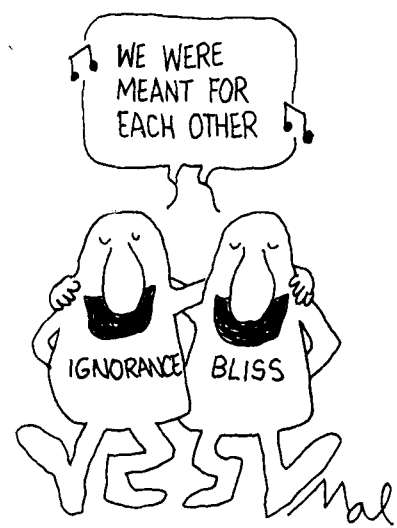
Freedom v. Suffocation

When things get a bit thick on the lecture platform, we hear of freedom and its opposite, slavery. Slavery is easy to get worked up against. That's why the whole trend of governmental encroachment on our freedom comes from another direction: regulation, statutory intervention, red tape—what Tocqueville called "minute and meddling" government, rather than outright tyranny. Freedom can be squashed by the tyrant or suffocated by the bureaucrat.

Take construction. The following laws and statutes will apply to your efforts if you try to build a house in the state of Washington. Federal: Federal Environmental Pesticide Control Act of 1972; Coastal Zone Management Act of 1972; Fish and Wildlife Coordination Act; National Wilderness Preservation System; Wild and Scenic Rivers Act; Marine Protection Research and Sanctuaries Act of 1972; Endangered Species Act; Environmental Education Act; Ports and Waterways Safety Act of 1972; Federal Water Pollution Control Act; Clean Air Act; Water Resources Research Act of 1964; Water Resources Planning Act; Solid Waste Disposal Act; Environmental Quality Act of 1970; Noise Control Act of 1972; Aircraft Noise Abatement Regulation; Energy Supply and Environmental Coordination Act of 1974; Refuse Act of 1889 (Rivers and Harbors Act of 1899); Organic Act of 1897; Multiple Use—Sustained Yield Act; Forest and Rangeland Renewable Resources Planning Act of 1974; Urban Mass Transit Administration Act. Washington State: Common Nuisance Act; Airport Zoning Act; Stock Restricted Areas Act; Water Well Construction Act; State Building Code Act; Electricians and Electrical Installations Act; Camping Club Act; City Planning Commissions; Sidewalks, Gutters, Curbs, and Driveways Act; Unfit Dwellings, Buildings, and Structures Act; Planning Enabling Act; Department of Ecology Act; Pollution Control Hearings Board; Factory Built Housing Act; Weather Modification Permits; Roadside Improvement and Beautification Act; Highway Advertising Control Act; Scenic Vistas Act; Washington Industrial Safety and Health Act; Burning Permits; Port Industrial Development Board; Airport Control Zoning; Sewer District; Water District; Plats-Subdivision-Dedication; Land Development Act of 1973; Horizontal Properties Regimes Act; Earthquake Resistance Standards; Elevators, Lifting Devices, and Moving Walks Act; Safety Glazing Materials; Swimming Pools; Public Accommodations—Provision for Physically Handicapped; Washington Clean Air Act; Solid Waste Management; Noise Control Act of 1974 [to be confused with Federal Noise Control Act of 1972]; Fish Farming Permits; Fish Guards; Water Diversion Permits; Hydraulic Permits; Forest Protection Act; Forest Insect and Disease Control Act; Forest Practices Act; Specialized Forest Products Act; Fish and Game Prohibited Acts; Game Farmers; Collectors' Permits; Coal Mining Code; Surface Mining Act; Oil and Gas Conservation Act; Shoreland Leases; Scenic Easements; Geothermal Resources; Thermal Power Plant Siting; Gas and Oil Pipe Lines; Pollution Control Facilities Tax Credit Exemption; Open Space Taxation; Flood Control Districts; Flood Zone Control Permits; Irrigation Districts; Wharves and Landings; Erosion Control Districts; Soil Conservation Districts; Water Conservation Districts; Water Code 1917 Act; Park Facilities; Water Rights Claim Registration; Ground Water Permit; Water Pollution Control; Pollution Disclosure Act of 1971; Water Resources Act of 1971; Shoreline Management Act of 1971; Environmental Coordination Procedures Act. Then there are county ordinances (King County) governing: public health; urban arteries; Excise Tax; Business Licensing; Air Pollution; Water Pollution; Public Toilets; Boarding Homes; Industrial Camps; Hog and Slaughter; Unsafe Dwellings; Rodent Control; Food Service; Meat Processing; Milk Processing; Swimming Pools; Consumer Protection; Solid Waste; Solid Waste Sites; Litter; Animals; Stock Restricted Areas; Roadside Stands; Side Sewers; Disposal Systems; Road Construction; Approaches and Culverts; Buildings; Off Street Parking Facilities; Ornamental Pools; Grading; Fires; Mobile Homes; Mobile Home Parks; Plots and Subdivisions; Planning; Open Space; Shoreline Management [to be confused with the state law of the same name]; County Environment; General Zoning. (Listing prepared by the Western Environmental Trade Association.)

So it goes. No wonder it costs so much just to get permission to build a house. No wonder the house costs so much. Everywhere you turn, you run into a mass of red tape that requires time, effort, lawyers' bills, and outright bribery to hack your way through. As the operator of a small business, I can assert that the administrative cost of complying with federal, state, county, and municipal statutes is out of all proportion to the goals embedded in the legislation. Our freedom to engage in productive work is not under attack from slavemasters. It is simply being strangled and suffocated by outrageous over-regulation. □



William F. Rickenbacker, editor of the Rickenbacker Report, *recently signed a contract with David McKay for* William Rickenbacker's Savings and Investment Guide, *to be published next spring.*

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What's Happening to the Literary Mob?

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

A CURIOUS EVENT occurred in American publishing this year: the judges and jurors of the National Book Awards conferred two of their chief awards upon distinctly worthy books. The New York Literary Mob, that conglomerate which dominates American publishing and reviewing, is losing either its senses or its grip.

For this year, the award for translation was given to Miguel de Unamuno's *Agony of Christianity*, in Mr. Anthony Kerrigan's translation and edition. (Last year, it was first announced by the National Book Awards gentry that a prize had been given to another volume of Unamuno in the Kerrigan edition; then that award was mysteriously withdrawn and a different book, published long before, given the translation award instead.) The five judges in the translation section praised Kerrigan for having "been able to capture with unusual grace the nobility, austerity, and passion that inform the thought of this great poet and thinker."

God and the Mob

The book in question is a selection of essays on faith; and a consideration of the struggle, the agony, of being a Christian in the modern West. Accepting the award and a check for $1,000 for Mr. Kerrigan (who lives in Palma and Dublin) was Dr. Martin Nozick, dean of graduate studies at Queens College and co-editor of the seven-volume edition of Unamuno. He said that Kerrigan had translated the book for the "initiate and the uninitiated—and perhaps *ad majorem Dei gloriam*."

This is almost the first time that National Book Awards have had any truck with the greater glory of God. Dr. Nozick went on to say that the publication of the seven Unamuno volumes by the Bollingen Foundation and the Princeton University Press "might be considered a quixotic venture, pure idealism, but meant to right a wrong, the neglect with which we have treated one of our noblest thinkers, one bold enough to claim that the travail of the religious spirit is at the root of our modern human agony." To those who read *The Agony* for the first time, Nozick promised, "You'll never be quite the same again. You will be unprogrammed."

In the philosophy-and-religion section, the judges cited another Nozick—Dr. Robert Nozick, who teaches philosophy at Harvard—for "his brief for the minimal state," *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* (see *NR* review, July 4).

In his acceptance speech, Dr. Robert Nozick said: "I defend liberty against those who would paternalistically restrict adults for their own good; I defend property earnings against those who would have the government redistribute to achieve however desirable or egalitarian a pattern; I defend free markets against those who would regulate them or subsidize firms; in a phrase from the book, I defend capitalist acts between consenting adults." That's not precisely the prevailing climate of opinion among the New York Literary Mob.

He went on to say, with some irony, that in his book he examines "skeptically the usual reasons which purport to justify a more extensive state, such as achieving equality, or workers' control, reducing envy, abolishing Marxian exploitation, and especially achieving distributive justice. Previous theories of distributive justice sought to answer the question, 'to each according to his what?' . . . People are entitled to what they legitimately acquire."

Doubtless aware that many in his audience would not be altogether sympathetic toward these principles, Dr. Nozick directly challenged such folk in his closing sentences: "The mere fact that arguments can be offered in justification, in *moral* justification no less, of a combination of liberty and property comes as a surprise to many people, including some who work for profit-seeking firms such as newspapers and publishing houses." And more: "Some of you will be enraged and infuriated by the proposition that the types of business enterprises you work in, and the market system itself, are not to be morally condemned. Perhaps it is *outré* to suggest you examine the detailed reasons and arguments I offer, to suggest in this place, at a National Book Awards ceremony, that you should actually *read* the book."

Of last year's National Book Awards, someone pointed out mordantly that several of the judges and of the award-recipients lived in the same apartment building. But Mr. Kerrigan and Mr. Nozick do not live with judges and jurors. Possibly the National Book Awards people (who are appointed by book publishers, not by some Olympian cultural authority) have been stung to reform by last year's strictures upon their oddities. Or perhaps they, eager to keep up with "awareness" (which is what the book clubs sell), have become aware that American public opinion and taste are repudiating ritualistic liberalism and the strident radicalism of the 1960s.

Another award-conferring body, the American Institute for Public Service, has just given its 1975 prize ($5,000) for "the greatest public service performed by an individual 35 years or under" to young Mr. R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., founder and editor of that witty journal *The Alternative*. Mr. Tyrrell holds in disdain the whole dominant body of intellectuals in these United States, and says so most bluntly, on Tory principles. Where are the *Ramparts* we watched?

Cracking the Whip

George Orwell came to believe that the most dangerous folk in the modern world are the bureaucratic intellectuals, lusting for power, endeavoring to form a new hierarchy "where the intellectual can at last get his hands on the whip." For the past two decades, the New York Literary Mob—made up of just such an intellectual bureaucracy as Orwell had in mind—has cracked its whips ruthlessly.

Book publishing, and the outfits which confer dubious literary distinctions upon one another, still are subject to the hegemony of the New York Literary Mob and the Mob's political and academic allies. But cracks begin to appear in these bastions of defecated rationality. In a few more years, it may even become easy to publish a decent book. □

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Arts & Manners

MUSIC

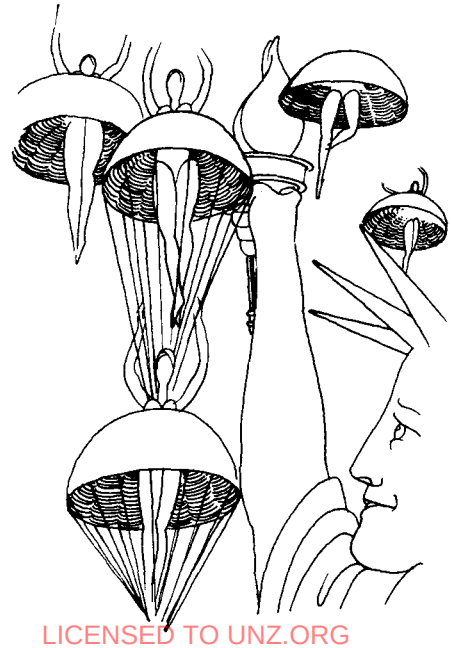
ROGER EVANS

Teamwork

Every summer, when foreign ballet companies invade New York with great blasts of publicity, there are people who pooh-pooh all the excitement, saying, in effect, "Who needs them? New York is the center of the world's best ballet; it is the home of the most vigorous twentieth century dance traditions and of the most loyal audience." They have a point if only because no one ever defects to the Bolshoi Ballet. On the other hand, of what use is a city like New York if it doesn't serve as a meeting place for the best every nation has to show off—their best choreography or movies, fashions or food?

To the person interested in musical drama in all its national and cultural manifestations, the visit to the Metropolitan Opera House of the full company of the Bolshoi Opera Theatre was more than an incidental novelty or a fringe benefit of fighting Manhattan's summer heat. It is not straining the word "revelation" to apply it to some of the work the company did here. Let it immediately be marked that this is not to say they are anyone's idea of a hunky-dory opera troupe (for some of the singing would scarcely be countenanced in our better university opera workshops); it is to say that they demonstrated quite clearly what an opera company made up of dedicated professionals can do when it cannot draw upon the international star circuit for its casts, is somewhat cut off from good and bad trends in the world's great opera houses, is obliged to keep all productions within certain governmentally prescribed and enforced bounds—but when funds and rehearsal time are no object. Let's temporarily disregard the notorious disadvantages of their situation. Let's even ignore for now the detente that brought them here on their first visit. We shall instead limit our present observations to a few points concerning the fruits by which we knew—and often admired—the Bolshoi.

Boris Godunov, with which, predictably, the Bolshoi began its engagement, calls for a good Boris or a good chorus. Either can effectively dominate the drama. Although the Bolshoi can understandably come up with better Russian basses of the Boris type than most companies, the chorus is one of their chief glories. The comparison with the slovenly, careless choral performances that mar so many of our own productions, in which lazy or vocally superannuated choristers may rely on the union to keep them in the company, is inescapable. Again, our purpose is not to count the cost of discipline in a specific case, but merely to applaud, as did audiences night after night, the effect such a well-regulated corps can produce. In its internal workings, a musical ensemble, like a military outfit, never has been susceptible to the blessings of democracy. The Bolshoi Opera orchestra is a similarly admirable group, and the conducting is often of a high caliber not likely to be taken for granted by a Met subscriber.



The nineteenth century operatic view of life among the Czarist aristocracy would seem to be a highly inappropriate subject for the most beloved operas of a Soviet company, especially since there were in these performances almost no unsympathetic portrayals of aristocrats *qua* aristocrats. There was a big exception: the night I saw *Pique Dame*, the grand entrance of the Czarina, which is meant to be the final ensemble climax of the act following exciting choral outbursts to "our little mother," was wholly ruined by the trivial prancing of what must have been a newly discovered Gabor sister. On the whole, however, the characterization of individuals within a class structure *was* individual. It is fascinating to speculate on the rationalizations that must go with the enjoyment of this high life back in Moscow. (It *is* difficult to discuss the Bolshoi without a few political reflections.)

It must be noted, with regret, that their sense of style or of taste seems undependable, to say the least, when this company attempts anything "modern": here their limitations take over. The production of Prokofiev's *The Gambler*, while it had very considerable virtues, also had some gimmicky avant-garde symbolism à la 1930. Somehow you can always tell when somebody is trying to do something in a stylized Thirties manner but is just out of it. The opposite phenomenon may explain the disappointment of parts of that composer's *War and Peace*: they tried to force a contemporary "approved" Soviet opera into the Tchaikovsky mode of presentation. In charity, one feels compelled to pass over any remarks upon the new work, *The Dawns Are Quiet Here* by Kirill Mochanov, which deals with the fortunes of an all-female anti-aircraft company.

Of course hordes of people go to see the Bolshoi for the scenery and costumes. I don't say that condescendingly; they are worth seeing. The visual effects of *Boris*, *Eugene Onegin* (which was

Roger Evans *writes frequently on music and recordings. . . .* **Neil McCaffrey** *is president of Arlington House, heads the Conservative Book Club.*

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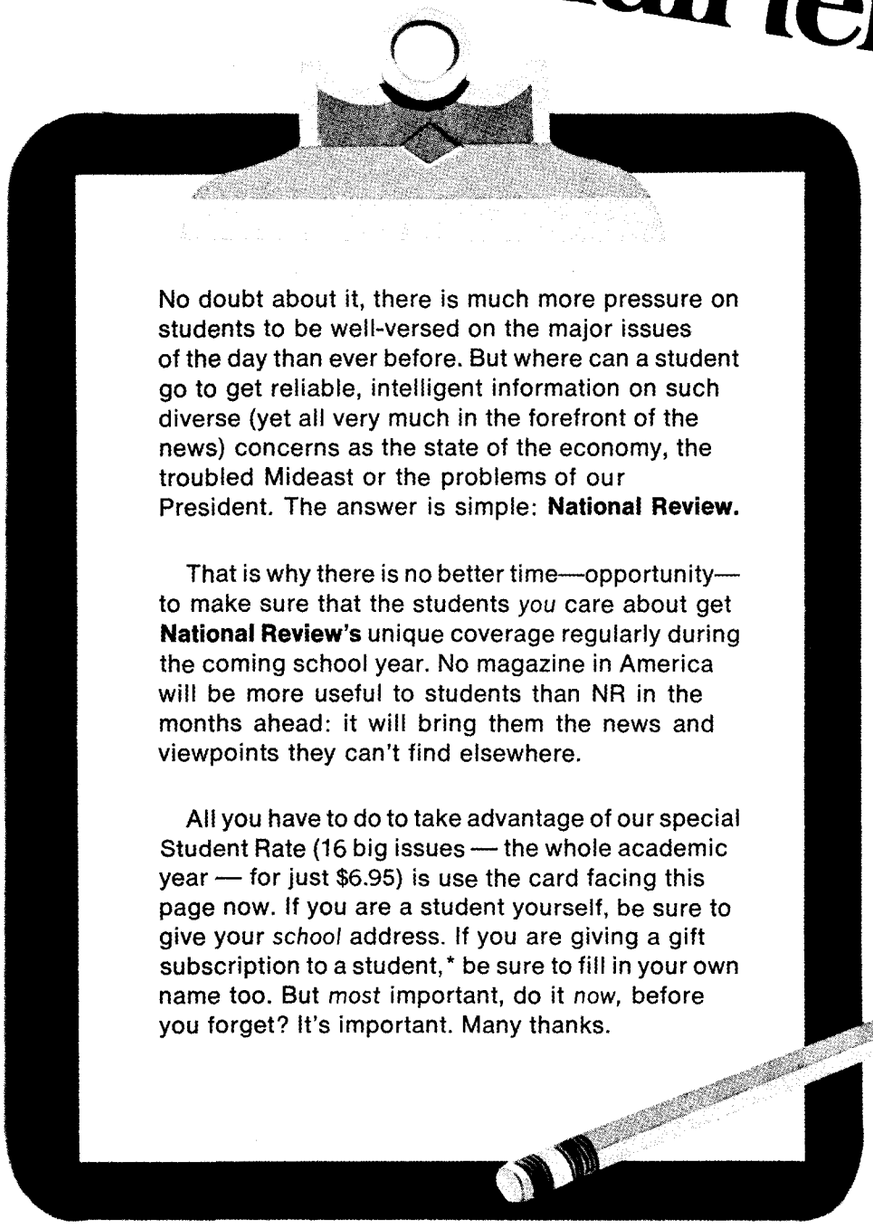

No doubt about it, there is much more pressure on students to be well-versed on the major issues of the day than ever before. But where can a student go to get reliable, intelligent information on such diverse (yet all very much in the forefront of the news) concerns as the state of the economy, the troubled Mideast or the problems of our President. The answer is simple: **National Review.**

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in many ways their most entirely satisfactory production), and *Pique Dame* could hardly be surpassed for convincing theatrical opulence and taste. These are not disposable productions that pass through the repertoire before a casually admiring or censuring public. They are traditionally conceived artistic wholes that are built to last. And they do last.

The Bolshoi's virtues, as a company, are not our own companies' virtues, nor the Bolshoi's faults the most common faults here. Therefore, all the pious oratory about "cultural exchange" by politicians from whom you wouldn't buy a used cymbal in this case produced truly enlightening exchange that was certainly far freer than any sharing of resources occasioned by Apollo-Soyuz. We have seen painful evidence that artists, writers, and scholars may not always correct the errors of a totalitarian society; and, in the United States, we have had some rather less than appealing descriptions of what some of our own performers would do with the country were it all theirs. But real communication among the artists of different cultures has never been futile. □

YESTERYEAR

NEIL McCAFFREY

I Remember Frankeee

Sinatra?

I remember Frankeee. Before he was Frankeee, Harry James hired an unknown vocalist for his swinging 1939 band, his first male singer. Frank was a slim little guy with a thin little voice. Everybody yawned. I'd like to be able to say that I saw the greatness that was to come, but the fact is that I yawned too.

Meanwhile, back at Tommy Dorsey's, the Sentimental Gentleman wasn't getting along with star vocalist Jack Leonard. After four years with the band and hits like "Marie," Jack in 1939 was the most popular male band vocalist around. Bob Eberly, with brother Jimmy Dorsey, was a year away from stardom. Brother Ray Eberle (he kept the family spelling of the name) was just emerging with Glenn Miller. Kenny Sargent, popular through most of the Thirties with Glen Gray, was nevertheless no longer a serious rival to Leonard. When Jack quit Tommy that November, everyone wondered how TD would ever replace him.

Tommy first tried a journeyman singer named Allan DeWitt, who lasted only a couple of months (but soon caught on with another good band: Jan Savitt and His Top Hatters). Dorsey had better luck with his second choice. Frank joined early in 1940 and stayed two and a half years. Maintaining my record as a prophet without peer, I assured my friends that Tommy's band would never be the same with this skinny kid trying to step into Jack's shoes.

Though Frank became one of the top band singers with Tommy, nobody guessed what was going to happen when he quit in September 1942 to try it as a single. Anyway, I didn't.

It is now December 30, 1942. The Paramount, brightest jewel on Times Square when Times Square was Times Square, is about to usher in the New Year with a show that is, even by the Paramount's standards, fairly sensational. The picture is *Star Spangled Rhythm*, one of those wartime musicals with a hundred and umpteen big names. The band is Benny Goodman—no longer Number One, but among us aficionados still the King. Oh yes—second billing goes to that former Dorsey vocalist.

The day is raw with sleet. My hip friends and I arrive early, about 9:30 A.M. The crowd is already winding around toward Eighth Avenue. We finally get in and sit through the movie. Then, the great moment. The band climbs onto the stage (which is down in the pit during the movie. The stage moves up like an elevator for the in-person show). Benny gives the downbeat. The Paramount swells with the swinging sound of the Goodman theme, "Let's Dance." The stage rises. The lights go up. Three thousand voices become one roar. Here's Benny!

I quickly scanned the sections and noticed a host of changes. There were four trumpets, not three—among them stars Yank Lawson and Lee Castle. There were three trombones, not two—and they included the legendary Miff Mole, a giant two decades before with the Original Memphis Five and later with Red Nichols. Pianist Jess Stacy was back, now that the war had scattered Bob Crosby's Bobcats. Young Lou Bellson was on drums, reminding you of Krupa. Dave Barbour, later Mr. Peggy Lee, strummed his guitar.

Benny opened with "Bugle Call Rag," a galvanizing arrangement based on the old one, but half new. He followed with a rollicking version of a novelty of the day, "Rosie the Riveter"—which Benny himself sang! Benny was in good spirits, and the band sounded brilliant. (Did any hall ever show off a band's sound like the Paramount?)

Then, a collective gasp from the three thousand oglers. Peggy Lee! Trim and young and blonde, beauteous in something white, Peggy had just made her breakthrough with two BG hits, "Why Don't You Do Right?" and "Somebody Else Is Taking My Place." She sang these along with something torchy which I forget. Then Benny came on with the Quintet for "Lady Be Good," followed by a dance act.

Then, Frankeee.

With my habit of underestimating Frank and his fans, I was dumbstruck at the ovation that welcomed him. But I should have expected something. There were more girls than usual in the audience. Indeed, they surrounded us. "Is that bad?" you may ask. In this case, yes. The girls chattered while Benny was playing. Clearly, they were there for something else—and now, here he is.

Frank sang four songs, all in the bedroom style he favored at the time. Songs like "There Are Such Things" and "She's Funny That Way." Of course there was an encore. There were *four* encores—as far as I know, unprecedented at the Paramount.

Benny looked less than ecstatic. We felt the same. In fact, we got even with

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the girls, making irreverent remarks to interrupt their transports. I've since learned to enjoy a good ballad. But in those days, swing was mostly for guys. Ballads were for girls.

Something happened that morning, but I was too dim to see it. There was none of the squealing or phony swooning over Frankeee. That came later, around fall 1943, as I recall. But that morning at the Paramount heralded the beginning of the end for the Big Band Era. The singers were about to take over. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

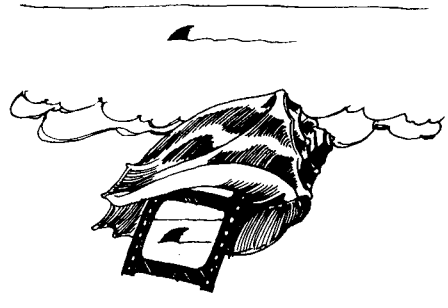
End-of-Summer Sale

They range, in quality, from *Nashville* (reviewed here August 15) to *Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold*; or, in mortal risk, from *Jaws* through *Rollerball* to *French Connection II*; or, in sheer splash, from the bombastic excitement of *Tommy* all the way down, wif ole Massa an' de uppity slaves, to that sadistic bit of "historical" claptrap, *Mandingo*. It is the end-of-summer sale at the movies. While New York and L.A. move on now to the latest Czech import and the domestic products of what promises to be an autumn of drear, the hinterland has available to it a varied and in many instances a superlative collection of films left over from the last few months. In many years past, the dog days have offered up little but cinema dogs; this year, for whatever reason, some of 1975's most impressive films premiered in June and July and have stayed on into September.

Not only *Nashville* but others, especially *Jaws*, which, with delicious opportunism, was held up for release until June, the better to scare the bejesus out of beach-going tourists. It worked beautifully, and in many coastal towns, as on Cape Cod where I summer, shark sightings have supplanted UFO visitations as the second most favored vicarious thrill, with perhaps the same degree of reliability or lack thereof. Sure, it's a plastic shark, but like things that go bump in the night (and unlike devil-possessed youngsters rescuable only by mystic exorcists), man-eating sharks are real, and the terror they inspire in this straightforward adventure-cum-horror flick is genuine.

Gene Hackman, undeniably one of the finest motion picture actors currently at work, cropped up this season in three much noted films: the muddled and botched *Night Moves*, a detective story so obtuse that half the professional critics didn't understand it; a meandering, brooding Western that seems to go on for days, and is rescued from utter tedium only by Hackman, *Bite the Bullet*; and the first-class sequel to an earlier blockbuster, *French Connection II*, with more heroin, more blood, more power.

YEARS GO BY without so much as one first-rate comedy. Within the past months we've received three of the funniest films in a long time: Woody Allen's splendid *Love and Death*; the new Inspector Clouseau sequel, *Return of the Pink Panther*; and a comedy, honest Injun, about unremitting greed, intended bigamy, aborted murder, and the Mann Act, *The Fortune*. These represent three major categories of comedy; respectively, the satire, the slapstick, and the sophisticated farce. Woody Allen's send-up of those awesome Russian tomes works beautifully, owing to his increasingly tight control over his always clever but often unruly material, and if *Love and Death* tells us little about either subject, it does reveal much about how to turn out a droll ninety minutes' worth of compelling film glee. Peter Sellers' return,



at long last, to a film worthy of his particular brand of mayhem, results in a sequel funnier than the original. And that elusive quality, chemistry, works perfectly in the Jack Nicholson/Warren Beatty/Stockard Channing *ménage à trois*. There was a comedy for every taste this summer.

And unintended comedies too, notably the latest installments in one of America's most obnoxious contemporary cinema ripoffs, the blaxploitation clinkers. If Negroes were judged solely by films designed especially to appeal to them, the virulent racist would have a field day. These movies (*Bucktown*, *Cleopatra Jones* . . .) exceed everything else on screen nowadays in crap quotient. The routine is by now familiar: a superstrong, superhip, often supervicious toughie (of either gender: no sexism in the leads) knocks around everyone in sight, preferably every white one in sight, along the way making and receiving repeated references to his/her wonderful sexiness (natural rhythm?), while poured into the sort of outlandish threads that go with pimpmobiles.

The usual atmosphere, where these films show to an overwhelmingly Negro audience, is akin to a race-baiting rally, with the young viewers screaming hysterically as every white is offed, talking back to the screen like congregants at the Church of the Jive Daddy-O, and cheering the unending succession of bad jokes and sexual allusions from their improbable (but much-loved) heroes. This has something to do with role models; maybe Dr. Kenneth Clark could work up a monograph on it, upon which the Supreme Court could judiciously legislate something. Oh yes, one exception to the blaxploitation rule: *Cooley High*, almost but not quite a black *American Graffiti*, with a few delightful scenes of Negroes growing up in a 1964 Chicago which, miraculously, has already received the Hancock Tower, erected later. But this low-budget attempt at a non-race-hepped movie becomes maudlin and falls flat.

CERTAINLY most films this season, as always, are unremarkable, whether toned-down would-be porn flicks like *The Happy Hooker* (and poor Xaviera Hollander *must* have had more fun than this), or derivatives of the *Godfather* craze like the Hebrew M*f** failure, *Lepke*, or that execrable peek into de old *old* South à la Dino De Laurentiis, *Mandingo*. For other tastes, there is *Bambi* in rerun, and, as always, another Disney: *The Apple Dumpling Gang*, with Bill Bixby, Susan Clark, Don Knotts, and an overdose of cutesy-poo. It takes all kinds. And for the *whole* family—especially the whole family in search of a heart-warming, tender, gentle (fill in the cliché) animal picture: *Benji*, where there's never a dry eye in the audience. □

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BOOKS

Raspail's Superb Scandal

The Camp of the Saints
By Jean Raspail, translated by Norman Shapiro
Scribner's, 311 pp., $8.95

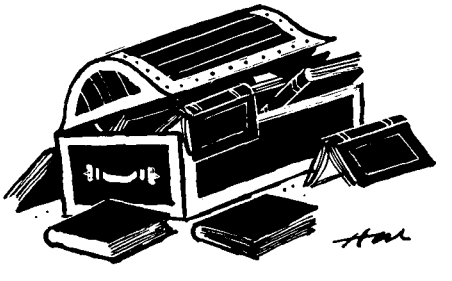
JEFFREY HART

Earlier in this century, the avant-garde artist deliberately outraged bourgeois expectations. Fauves, cubists, dadaists, Joyce, Stravinsky: the riot outside concert hall or gallery, the novel confiscated by customs officer—these were the defining events. In a curious way Jean Raspail's novel *The Camp of the Saints* is reminiscent of that sort of thing. It, too, is an assault, a scandal. Respectable, comfortable reviewers in the *TLS*, the *Times*, and elsewhere have been reduced to sputtering, even as their predecessors were by *Ulysses* or *Tropic of Cancer*. Raspail's novel ought to circulate in a plain brown wrapper, or perhaps in a *Humboldt's Gift* dustjacket. In freer and more intelligent circles in Europe, however, the book is a sensation and Raspail a prize-winner.

In this novel Raspail brings his reader to the surprising conclusion that killing a million or so starving refugees from India would be a supreme act of individual sanity and cultural health. Raspail is to genocide what Lawrence was to sex. His plot is both simple and brilliant. The time is the not-so-distant future, and the long-anticipated has come to pass. The so-called Third World is an overpopulated, disease-ridden outdoor slum. In Calcutta, as if seized by a last spasm, a million starving Indians take over whatever ships are at the docks and launch forth on the high seas. It is a wretched amorphous mass, a hundred dilapidated vessels inching around the Cape at ten knots, the mob cooking rice on briquettes of human feces, copulating in all possible combinations like a Hindu frieze come to life, stinking and undifferentiated. Gradually it becomes clear that the destination of the armada is Europe, France in fact, the Côte d'Azur. It is a "floating slum," the "vanguard of an anti-world bent on coming in the flesh to knock, at long last, at the gates of abundance." Other such armadas are being prepared in Asia and Africa, awaiting the French response.

The target of this deadly/helpless armada is Western civilization, as perceived, for example, by one of Raspail's main characters, a professor of French literature named Calguès:

> What was there in the world more Western than Mozart, more civilized, more perfect. No eight hundred thousand voices could drone their chant to Mozart's notes. Mozart had never written to stir the masses but to touch the heart of each single human being, in his private self. . . . The Western world summed up in its ultimate truth. . . . Like that silver fork, for example, with



> the well worn prongs, and some maternal ancestor's initials, now rubbed almost smooth. A curious object, really, when you think that the Western world invented it for propriety's sake, though a third of the human race still grubs up its food with its fingers. And the crystal, always set out in a row of four, so utterly useless. Well, why not? Why do without glasses, like boors?

A great fuss is currently being made over Jean Raspail's supposed racism, but some distinctions need to be made. For "racism" has without a doubt become the great taboo of our times, and like all taboos it is routinely exempted from critical examination. But what is racism? Most people do not now and have not in the past subscribed to esoteric theories regarding the superiority of this or that race. Most people, however, are able to perceive that the "other group" looks rather different and lives rather differently from their own. Such "racist" or "ethnocentric" feelings are undoubtedly healthy, and involve merely a preference for one's own culture and kind. Indeed—and Raspail hammers away at this point throughout his novel—no group can long survive unless it does "prefer itself." One further point is implicit. The liberal rote anathema on "racism" is in effect a poisonous assault upon Western self-preference.

THERE MAY thus be a sense in which the doctrine of the book could fairly be called "racist." That is, Raspail accepts as historical fact that Western civilization is largely white. Whatever the distant future might hold for residents of Calcutta or the Congo, that whiteness of the West is a present reality. Raspail does not appear to be the prisoner of any biological assumptions. One prominent character in the book named Hamadura, a very black Indian, has lived in France and become completely assimilated by Western civilization. As Hamadura himself puts it: "Being white isn't really a question of color. It's a whole mental outlook."

A certain amount of confusion exists among reviewers regarding Raspail's diagnosis of the weakness of Western civilizational resolve, and some have understood him to be making a Nietzschean case against the supposed Christian solicitude for weakness. This is surely a misreading. Throughout the

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novel, living manifestations of Christianity are invariably viewed positively, seen as integral to the West, but by the time the Ganges armada sails Christianity itself has imbibed the negation: "The very same day . . . the last Pope had sold out the Vatican. Treasures, library, paintings, frescoes, tiara, furniture, statues—yes, the Pontiff had sold it all, as Christendom cheered. He had thrown it into a bottomless pit: it didn't take care of so much as the rural budget of Pakistan for a single year."

RASPAIL'S DIAGNOSIS can be summed up as follows. In the mind of the West a kind of void opened up where Christianity used to be. Into that void flowed a variety of ghostly abstractions: "human ideals, above governments, and economic systems, and religions, and races. . . . But what does it mean? Not a blessed thing, really. There's nothing at all above those things." Forced to choose between, on the one hand, Mozart and silverware, and, on the other, talk about Human Brotherhood, Raspail chooses Mozart and silverware.

That Ganges anti-world slowly approaches by sea, like some viper sliding toward a bemused rodent, but the anti-world has long been at work in the bloodstream of the West. Raspail is a tremendous rhetorician, his disdain boiling from the page in a torrent reminiscent of Céline. The anti-world dominates communications and popular culture; it is potent, for example, in the columns of Clement Dio, a sort of European Tom Wicker:

> Ah, what a dismal, repulsive creature! The journalist's pen gave him many a size and shape, but one thing never changed: his contempt for tradition, his scorn for Western Man per se, and above all the patriotic Frenchman. Like a kind of anti-Joan of Arc, charged by King Dio with a thousandfold mission. To wit, to crush with the weight of shame and remorse the common foot-slogging soldier of the Western world, lord of its ancient battles, deserted by all his generals to a man, but a powerful force all the same. In column after column, the anti-Joan became, by turns, an Arab workman, snubbed and insulted; a publisher of smut, hauled into court; a black bricklayer, exploited by his boss; a theater director with a censored play; a young Madonna from some leftist slum; a rioter, beaten for ripping up the streets; a café tough, shot in his tracks; a student terrorist; a schoolgirl on the pill; the head of a people's culture center, summarily fired; a marijuana prophet; . . . a bishop spouting Marx in his pastoral letters. . . . And all the slimy Dio-larvae teem on its corpse, ready to burst into great black moths, heralding angels of the anti-world.

Two despised reactionary outposts close their gates to the Ganges horde. Australia tersely notes that the Immigration Act will be enforced. South Africa continues defiant: *Q:* "Are you suggesting, Mr. President, that you won't hesitate to open fire on defenseless women and children?" *A:* "I expected that question. No, of course we won't hesitate. We'll shoot without giving it a second thought. In this high-minded racial war, all the rage these days, nonviolence is the weapon of the masses. Violence is all the attacked minority has to fight back with. Yes, we'll defend ourselves. And yes, we'll use violence." But, in Provence, only a few resist, Beau Geste-like, as the Ganges horde swarms up the beaches and takes over southern France: "Surging blindly forward. Unthinking, unwitting. Already gazing at the seaside villas, reveling in the windblown trees and flowers, probing with countless hands the first elegant railings that lined the beach, clambering, climbing, swarming through parlors and out other doors, pouring into the streets . . ."

Despite the huffing and puffing among the respectable types, Raspail is not really writing about race—he is writing about civilization, and in particular the civilization of the West. He is stating an obvious but outrageous truth. Civilization involves particular forms of being. It is not an amorphous mass. As Frederick Wilhelmsen put it over a decade ago in these pages: "In order to be, a society must defend itself against whatever and whoever might threaten its existence. The inability to defend oneself against the enemy has always been the sign of approaching death. . . . Men can live and act together only if they are bound together by code and custom, myth and legend, sculpture and song. . . . Where such underlying orthodoxy is lacking we find ourselves in the midst of an aggregate of ghettos, not a society." □

Jeffrey Hart, *professor of English at Dartmouth, is a senior editor of* NR. . . . **Anne Crutcher** *is on the staff of the* Washington Star. . . . **Thomas H. Landess** *teaches at the University of Dallas.* . . . **Whit Stillman** *also writes for* The Alternative. . . . *Book reviews are indexed in* Book Review Index.

William Carlos Williams
By Robert Coles
Rutgers University Press, 185 pp., $8.50

BUNKER COUNTRY WITHOUT BUNKER

ANNE CRUTCHER

At a time when the lower middle class American seldom turns up in the arts except as Archie Bunker, it's good to be reminded of William Carlos Williams, who knew and cared so much about the America of tenements and factories and suburban aspirations. It's particularly good when Robert Coles does the reminding.

Coles, who won a 1973 Pulitzer Prize for his *Children in Crisis*, shares many qualities of mind and sensibility with his subject. Indeed, Dr. Williams was something of a mentor to Dr. Coles when the younger man was, in his turn, trying to fit together the interests of a doctor and those of a writer.

FOR COLES, as for Williams, the foothold in science gave the artist and social thinker a special leverage on reality. And, for both men, the medical metier, with its unique opportunities for observing and relating to people, enlarged the literary imagination even as it was keeping the doctor away from his typewriter.

Something else Williams and Coles have in common is the loner's individuality. While both doctors—Williams with his GP's practice and Coles with child psychiatry and his own brand of psychosocial research—spent their time very much immersed in the human swarm, they were both solitary at the center, each developing his work in private places of the intellect and psyche, extraordinarily little touched by interaction with peers. Partly, of course,

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RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: New collection of Buckleyana from Putnam: *Execution Eve —and Other Contemporary Ballads* ($8.95). For the same house, brother James contributes *If Men Were Angels: A View from the Senate* ($8.95), and Elliott Roosevelt continues his family study, again collaborating with James Brough, this time on *A Rendezvous with Destiny: The Roosevelts in the White House* ($8.95). . . . *Simple and Direct* sums up Jacques Barzun's advice for writers (Harper, $10). The same house follows last year's big one with *The Gulag Archipelago 2* ($15; paper, $2.50). Also from Harper, Ovid Demaris publishes a series of interviews with J. Edgar Hoover in *The Director* ($10.95).

Still etching those incomparable portraits of priests from the heartland, J. F. Powers assembles his first story collection since 1956, *Look How the Fish Live* (Knopf, $6.95). . . . Billy Graham affirms his belief in *Angels* and their power to help us (Doubleday, $4.95). . . . Finally, a translation of *The Life and Death of Leon Trotsky* by Victor Serge and Trotsky's widow Natalia (Basic, $10.95). . . . *Love or Nothing* is a life of Ellen Terry by Tom Prideaux (Scribner's, $10). For the same house, Michael Grant limns the outstanding Roman emperors in *The Twelve Caesars* ($12.50). . . . *Selected Prose of T. S. Eliot* is assembled by Frank Kermode for Farrar ($10.95; paper, $3.95). . . . Posthumous pragmatism from Alexander M. Bickel in *The Morality of Consent* (Yale, $10). . . . Former YAF chieftain Douglas Caddy anatomizes the new "reforms" in *How They Rig Our Elections* (Arlington, $8.95).

■ COFFEE-TABLE BOOKS: Abrams does some of the best. All due in October, all lavishly illustrated: *The LOOK Book* (from the magazine; $24.95 to Jan. 1, then $30); *Disney's America on Parade* celebrates the Bicentennial ($15 to Jan. 1, then $17.50); *The Mountains of America*, with commentary by Franklin Russell ($40); *The Alps*, with text by Max A. Wyss ($30); *Pompeii and Herculaneum* has text by Theodor Kraus, photos by Leonard von Matt ($35). . . . All from Oxford: a pictorial portrait of *Wagner* ($29.95 to Jan. 1, then $37.50); A. R. Clapham's *The Oxford Book of Trees* ($19.95); Leo Steinberg's *Michelangelo's Last Paintings* ($45); *The Oxford Companion to the Decorative Arts* ($47.50); *Living Forests* by Ernest Krebs, with color photos by Heinrich Gohl ($25).

that was because neither had peers in the usual way; nobody else was trying to do what they were trying to do.

Coles's book is less a critique of William Carlos Williams than an appreciation, and it is as appealing for what it shows about Coles as for what it shows about Williams.

Thus the child psychiatrist is impressed with how much Williams knew about children. He talks about how sensitively Williams perceived children's fears, their ways of learning, their intuitions of the adult world. At the same time, the literary man in Coles rejoices in the way Williams' understandings were illuminated by his poet's feeling for emotional cadences, textures of relationship, fine shadings of spiritual coloration. Similarly, Coles, the student of historical currents, is fascinated by Williams' treatment of the upward strivings of the immigrant poor. Williams' Passaic and Paterson are Archie Bunker country all right, but Archie Bunker is not around. Neither are the abstractions of social science.

For Williams, the chief medium is the story of Joe and Gurlie Secher and their daughter Flossie, a fictionalized biography of his wife's family. *White Mule*, *The Buildup*, and *In the Money* take the Sechers from the savage discontents of the factory job and the city flat to the dubious fulfillments of small business and bourgeois community living.

In a sense, Williams' trilogy is William Dean Howells fleshed out with psychological detail and saved from Howells' library pallor by a willingness to show the real ingredients of Joe and Gurlie's desire to get out of the slums. It is Williams' achievement that he can lay bare the elements of ruthlessness and narrowmindedness in these people without either losing our sympathy or making us think these are good qualities.

COLES DOES NOT bring Howells into it, however. He sets off Williams' merits by contrasting his trilogy with John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.* trilogy. For Coles, the undeniable vitality of *U.S.A.* is undercut by Dos Passos' need, at that time in his development, to give his stories and characters the symmetries of propaganda rather than the knobbiness of the way things are. Williams, on the other hand, is always one to follow the meanders of truth rather than ideology's straight line. This is related to Williams' humility, the humility of the writer who does not presume to completeness, who can accept knowing in part. And, indeed, it is Williams' unwillingness to force fragments of reality into arbitrary patterns that gives his depictions their peculiar luminosities.

We will understand America better for reading William Carlos Williams, and we will understand Williams better for reading him through the wise and loving eyes of Robert Coles. □

The Great Victorian Collection
By Brian Moore
Farrar, 213 pp., $7.95

A FROZEN MOORE

D. KEITH MANO

Back in 1956, when Mickey Mantle had a lock on the triple crown, this shrewd, old junk pitcher was asked about his Mantle strategy. "Never give him a fastball. If the sumbitch's gonna jerk one out of here, let him supply his own power." Which is, more or less, Brian Moore's policy. Moore serves up a fat, tantalizing change of pace—one catchy symbol—and the reader provides his own intellectual, also dramatic, energy. It's irresistible as a hung curve ball. You've got to pull the trigger and swing.

Here's the premise. One Anthony Maloney corks off in a Carmel, California motel room. He has eerie dreams. Next morning there's a spectacular block-square collection of Victoriana spread over a parking lot behind his motel. Everything from a steam engine to tea sets to knickers-off pornography. Some items are new, some duplicate existing pieces. Every night thereafter, he dreams sentry duty: on monotonous guard like one of those bank cameras that keep blinking red as you fill out a withdrawal form. If he leaves Carmel, or stays awake, the collection begins to deteriorate, to become a Made in Japan fake. That's it, folks.

I'd like to report that Brian Moore is a master stylist. He isn't: no Nolan Ryan high, hard ones, just enough stuff on the ball to get by. "The questions and conversations made his head spin." Unless the head were guillotined, actually rolling, I'd rather die than use a

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phrase like "head spin." Maybe that's my hang-up. Moore's narrative of instant fame and the common man is a staple recipe: wire services, headlines, press conferences, franchise deals. His characters don't carry a special trademark. He gets mileage from lists of Victoriana, tape transcripts, news releases, all easy devices. Moore is strictly an idea man: he could be the head of some advertising firm. But the idea holds, piques. At least it holds, piques reviewers and writers. I won't speak for those of you who got suntan lotion all over *Jaws* or *The Exorcist* this summer.

Maloney is a dreamer, the mind that makes. His collection—I'm supplying my own power here—stands for the creative act. Once Maloney's genius has been verified, it gets the hard-sell treatment by Disney World-type promoters. But the ironies are more profound. Maloney's collection was an accident. Worse yet, it occurred in parking lots and motel rooms. Art, Keats and Byron notwithstanding, is most often menial labor, a one-man bureaucracy.

"All right, but what will they think when they do see me? I'm not an interesting person." This puts a basic tension in caps. If you've ever been to a publisher's cocktail party, you know just how disappointing writers can be. One friend of mine, drunk, told a noted novelist, "Jesus—you sure don't look like your books." Blurb hacks always imply this when they ask for biographical information: "The novel is fine, I guess, but your life needs a lot of work." Eccentricity is recommended. Painters, composers, novelists should be bullfighters, criminals, pimps, spies, perverts on the side. Irving Stone characters. The mad artist cliché serves as a convenient defense mechanism. The commonplace man who can create is an indictment of the commonplace world. Yet who has time—painting, say, 14 hours a day—for even the most modest weekend perversion?

Another postulate can be inferred: 1) it's hard to become a famous artist; 2) it's just as hard to become unfamous once you are. Take James Jones. For years he has done everything humanly possible to get off the bestseller list. No luck. But if an artist has integrity he will expect growth, new dreams, of himself. The discipline is rigorous and heartbreaking: when Maloney fails to monitor his creation, it loses freshness: "would he, like others who could no longer dream the dreams which had made them famous, end his days in a madhouse or in a suicide's grave?" Brilliance is often just serendipity, a fool's luck. Moore evokes terror: the terror that every artist must face down when he punches in for a day's work. Will it happen again? How did it happen last time? Age brings both debilitation and a honed, cranky critical sense. Maloney alone perceives the subtle decay of his collection, his powers. And a madman pickets outside: GOD ALONE CAN CREATE. That freshman comp theme, appearance and reality, is refurbished. The dream Victoriana are indistinguishable from the extant, real Victoriana. Which is original, valid? Indeed, the artist's motive is as presumptuous as God's, if presumption can be ascribed to God.

The Great Victorian Collection seems tossed off, a frozen martini, but it has been tossed off with marvelous panache. And Moore knows, as did Maloney, that he'll have to toss off another one tomorrow. □

A Wake for the Living: A Family Chronicle
By Andrew Lytle
Crown, 270 pp., $8.95

THE UNCOMPROMISED AGRARIAN

THOMAS H. LANDESS

At the beginning of Classical civilization, the idea of death was so abhorrent that, according to Homer, the shade of Achilles was willing to trade all his glory for the lowliest state of servitude in the land of the living. In the second half of the twentieth century Andrew Lytle would have it otherwise. Or so I would judge from the title and substance of his latest book, *A Wake for the Living*.

Lytle is a novelist, historian, recently retired editor of the *Sewanee Review*, and one of the most uncompromising of the Southern Agrarians, who argued in 1930 that the urbanization of America would ultimately lead to the triumph of radical secularism, the debasement of the natural environment, and the breakdown of communal civility. In his latest work, Lytle updates this prophetic argument, the truth of which has become so self-evident that significant critics of the Agrarian symposium have lapsed into stunned silence. Lytle now suggests that we are all dead, that in the voices of past generations of Americans there is more genuine vitality than in the anonymous and regimented lives of those 215 million of us who now breathe the toxic air brooding over the New Republic in this our 200th year of nationhood.

INDEED Lytle's narrative—essentially a story of his own family from pioneer days until the present—is intended as a commentary on the death of the Old Republic whose uncertain birth we presume to celebrate next year. I say "uncertain" because up to the Second World War, what was American probably had less to do with the Declaration of Independence than most political commentators would be willing to admit, and more to do with the familial arrangements that Lytle celebrates in this brilliant and highly entertaining chronicle of his people from their American beginnings in Pennsylvania to their location in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where the author grew up and which he remembers with a poignant precision highlighted by ribald good humor.

In a sense, Murfreesboro and what it symbolizes in this imaginative account is the high point in American history as viewed from an Agrarian perspective, for Lytle sees in the Tennessee town of his youth that community of the living, the dead, and the yet unborn which Burke lauded and which Americans always fought fiercely to defend until the emergence of ideological warfare. Lytles fought at Kings Mountain and Cowpens, at Shiloh and Chickamauga; and the narrative and commentary surrounding these events serve as

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history and political theory for all that the author deems worthwhile in the public heritage of America.

What happens of importance after Appomattox is for him—and for many Southerners, New Englanders, and Midwesterners of another era—local and familial in nature, the memorabilia of parents, aunts and uncles, grandparents, great-grandparents, and a host of other kin and connections who live on in the genealogies and anecdotes preserved by family bards (gossips) for the entertainment and instruction of those who continue the bloodline.

Such stories, which form the greater part of this marvelously intimate book, are remarkable for the subtle manner in which they pinpoint the virtues of the Old Republic, that land for which we all yearn, whether we be Yippies or Goldwater Republicans. Thus the sardonic remark of a local wag that "Bob Lytle moves every Tuesday" is not only a joke enjoyed long ago at the expense of the author's father but also, by implication, an affirmation of the rural community's belief in roots. And while the anecdotes concerning his harelipped and alcoholic Uncle Jack are by turns hilarious and pathetic, they also suggest the traditional society's acceptance and assimilation of its eccentrics, who never become outcasts (except by their own choosing) because they are always part of a family and hence, in some larger sense, a part of *the* family. Even the stories of actions by those outside the circle of kinship—such as the homicidal loyalty of Lytle's yeoman friend Othel—have their thematic function in the definition of a culture.

THE extraordinary thing about these anecdotes, aside from their remarkable vividness, is the very fact of their survival in such rich detail after so many decades. This endurance proves both the efficiency and vitality of communal memory. Like the story of Simple Simon, which is a basic lesson in economics, such tales have been preserved by the generations because they teach us something worth knowing. Many were a hundred years old when Lytle himself was born and, like folktales, have survived the trepidations and groundswells of revolution and bloody warfare, and the subtler tremors of modernity which, though less obvious, are nonetheless unremitting in their perversive action on our traditional foundations. (I say "our" because this work, like the other so-called Agrarian writings, cannot possibly be understood as restrictively Southern except by the most wrongheaded of readers. Despite the War between the States, the Murfreesboro of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had much in common with small towns in New England, the Midwest, and the Far West.) Like Ezekiel, Lytle is resurrecting a dead past from its grave, joining its bones together, making it walk around once again as a reproof to all of us who have let the old ways fall in the dust because we were too greedy, too arrogant, too intellectualized, or just too trifling to ensure their survival.

If you want to know what it was like to live a whole life in a good and healthy land, you should read this book, because no one—not even a committee commissioned by the President or Congress or the Ford Foundation—is going to capture it the way Andrew Lytle has: the bright image of the living dead, not quite beyond recall, who float mockingly before us in his framing narrative, offering us a bowl of their thick red blood so that we may drink deeply and for a moment come alive to the possibilities of our own twilight resurrection. □

Heywood Broun: A Biography
By Richard O'Connor
Putnam, 249 pp., $8.95

A SCRIBE FROM HARVARD '10

WHIT STILLMAN

In the parlance of modern job placement specialists, the "flair factor" in Heywood Broun's career was an ability to turn out a column-length personal essay in forty minutes and less. The knack helped Broun to become one of the most famous and influential journalists of his day—the 1920s and '30s—although now he is chiefly remembered as a minor character in the biographies of the men and women with whom he lunched at the Algonquin's Round Table.

Broun's genius was daily journalism, and his immense reputation began to yellow and fade almost from the moment of his death in December 1939. Few people are now curious to know what the columnist's son, Heywood Hale Broun, ate for breakfast in 1927—although followers of young Broun's radio program are still kept abreast of his current diet.

His manchild aside, Heywood Broun's greatest legacy was to the literary craft. Each time a columnist shares with his readers the sayings of his children, musings on a favorite ball team, a menu, or the itinerary of his boat, he is indulging in an art form Broun pioneered, first on the *New York Tribune*, and later on the *World*, the *Telegram*, and the *World-Telegram*.

BORN IN 1888 and raised in a well-to-do environment on Manhattan's then-respectable West Side, Broun grew to an imposing stature, likened to that of a baby elephant, a resemblance that grew stronger with age. He attended Harvard with the famous class of 1910, which included in its ranks T. S. Eliot, Conrad Aiken, Walter Lippmann, John Reed, and others later to gain fame.

After flunking the *Crimson* competitions and French, Broun joined the staff of the raffish *New York Morning Telegraph*, where William B. "Bat" Masterson presided over the sports department with cane, derby hat, and six-shooter. When the *Telegraph* sacked Broun for requesting a $2 raise, he moved on to the *Tribune*, where he handled sports, theater criticism, and the World War I beat. He succeeded at the latter enough to gain General Pershing's animosity and, by the time the boys came home, was producing a thrice-weekly column entitled "Books and Things."

Broun was soon writing less about books and more about things, but not soon enough. Although his ability to turn out copy was almost superhuman, his literary judgment was not. He praised *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* and *The Worldlings* by Leonard Merrick and *Jurgen*, James Branch Cabell's masterpiece, but passed negative verdicts on Eugene O'Neill and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Deficient judgment, however, need not interfere with a successful columnar career.

In fact, Broun was often at his best when wrong. "The most moving tragedies," he enigmatically advised playwright O'Neill, "are those in which people go on living." About *This Side of Paradise*, he wrote, "We are afraid that not a few undergraduates are given to the sin of not kissing and then telling anyway." Fitzgerald was, in his view, a "rather complacent, somewhat pretentious, and altogether self-conscious young man."

The "things" Broun wrote about,

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THERE'S SOMEONE WHO WORKS FOR YOU WHO HAS CANCER. AND DOESN'T KNOW IT. HELP FIND HIM.

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

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after successfully jumping to the lively Op Ed page of the Pulitzer-owned *New York World*, were of an increasingly political slant. He called his column "It Seems to Me," and in 1927 it seemed to him that anarchists Sacco and Vanzetti were being lynched by a Boston court:

> When at last Judge Thayer in a tiny voice passed sentence upon Sacco and Vanzetti, a woman in the courtroom said with terror: "It is death condemning life!"
>
> The men in Charlestown prison are shining spirits, and Vanzetti has spoken with an eloquence not known elsewhere within our times. They are too bright, we shield our eyes and kill them. We are the dead, and in us there is no feeling nor imagination nor the terrible torment of lust for justice. And in the city where we sleep smug gardeners walk to keep the grass above our little houses sleek and cut whatever blade thrusts up a head above its fellows.

Broun had championed the forces of life against the forces of death and smug gardening before, and he would do so again, but not, his employers decided, in the pages of the *World*. Broun moved to the Scripps-Howard chain's *New York Telegram*, which later acquired the *World* and became the *World-Telegram*. With characteristic—and admirable—consideration for the feelings of his publisher, Broun began, in August 1933, a campaign to organize the gentlemen of the press into what later became the American Newspaper Guild. The Guild succeeded in improving the lot of a dwindling tribe of working journalists, but was penetrated by a Communist element which ungratefully nudged him from effective leadership.

ALL THIS, and a moment of glory at the Round Table, too. The greatest sentence of Broun's career made its debut not among his millions of words of prose, but during an Algonquin lunch. "The only real argument for marriage," he said, "is that it's still the best method of getting acquainted." Broun got to know two ladies this way: first, Ruth Hale, a militant feminist who founded the Lucy Stone League; and then a dancer named Connie Fruscello who, Broun's friends believed, was one of the influences that led him to convert to Roman Catholicism shortly before his death.

Heywood Broun: A Biography is the product of the late Richard O'Connor, an historian and biographer who died last February, leaving sixty volumes behind him. The depth of this, Mr. O'Connor's last book, is unfortunately what that robust number of works might imply, and will send few readers scurrying to the *Collected Edition of Heywood Broun*, prepared by his son and heir in 1941. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

RACE AND ECONOMICS, *by Thomas Sowell (David McKay, 285 pp., $9.95)*. Writes black UCLA economist Sowell: "Capital is the most fluid of all resources. It goes wherever the rate of profit is highest, allowing for risk. If the ghetto, barrio, or other ethnic community were a high-profit location, nothing is more certain than that capital would be flowing into it instead of avoiding it." The trick, then, in seeking to make the black community a high-income community is to make it "a high-profit location." The rub, however, is time. Professor Sowell notes that unfortunately those methods which have proved successful historically—self-reliance, work skills, education, business experience—are all slow developing. That's why the black community and its advocates in Congress and the state legislatures have frequently opted for instant income—job quotas, welfare payments, preferential treatment, etc. —all of which tend to undermine black self-reliance and pride of achievement. So Professor Sowell winds up his book with the central role played by attitudes. Attitudes explain the success of the antebellum "free persons of color" compared to the black migrants to the North in our time. He observes how superior attitudes help to explain the advancement of the Italian-American and the Japanese-American despite much initial and some lingering discrimination. Attitudes are simple to change in theory—but so hard in practice. An incisive and provocative book.

WILLIAM H. PETERSON

WORLD FOOD PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS, *by D. Gale Johnson (American Enterprise Institute, 83 pp, $3)*. Professor Johnson's eminently sensible book analyzes recent output and price trends in world agriculture, and concludes that ". . . there are no reasons based on limitations of resources or on the technology and biology of food production that will prevent the population of the world from being more adequately fed a decade hence than in the years immediately before 1972." Contrary to popular belief, population *is not* outpacing agricultural output in the world as a whole, not even in the "developing" countries; the planet *is not* running out of suitable land; and the total supply of cereal grains *is not* used in livestock production and to distill bourbon. What is true, however, is that world market prices have recently risen extremely quickly, world grain reserves have fallen to very low levels, and a few years of poor crops in North America could mean disaster for the rest of the world. For the longer run, Professor Johnson finds that the present level of grain prices is unlikely to persist, and indeed, most agricultural product prices have backed off sharply from their 1974 peaks. In Third World countries, enormous potential for increased production exists, and the methodology for achieving much greater agricultural output is already well understood. Serious scholars have found that farmers in the developing countries do respond, and do so quite quickly, to appropriate price and cost signals—"if there is conservatism and irrationality in the world, it is to be found much more often among governments than among farm people."

GEORGE J. VIKSNINS

PROFILES IN RUSSIAN RESISTANCE, *by Irina Kirk (Quadrangle, 297 pp., $10.95)*. *NR* readers are already familiar with one of these profiles; Mrs. Kirk's interview with Anatoly Radygin appeared in *NR*'s April 25 issue. The 15 other interviews are just as rewarding. The questions are good, and the answers are, by and large, superb. Dmitri Simes was expelled from Moscow University for organizing a protest against Soviet involvement in the war in Vietnam. He explained to Mrs. Kirk, a dove, why he supported U.S. involvement: "I worked at that time in the Institute of World Economy and International Relations, and I was in touch with certain circles and knew that North Vietnam was for a long time actively infiltrating the South. I knew that starting from the end of the 1950s North Vietnam began to create a revolt. This I knew not from the American sources, but from my own work experience. One can call it any name; one can call it brotherly help for the people of South Vietnam, but I am in the habit of calling it aggression. Perhaps because I have a Soviet upbringing and Soviet formulations. But if one country first creates a political organization in another country, and then begins a revolt, and then uses that revolt in order to send troops into the other country, this is called aggression." Talking with Galina Telnikova, a geographer who now lives in England, Mrs. Kirk, who is hawkish on women's rights, tries to evoke some sympathy for the plight of women in the West. Miss Telnikova, however, doesn't seem very sympathetic. The Soviet woman, she says, "is busy twenty hours a day between her job, queues, and housework—that's the liberation of women." Compared to Soviet women, Miss Telnikova thinks, Western women have "very funny problems." But Mrs. Kirk spends very little time grinding her axe. Most of the time she lets these 16 remarkable Russians tell their stories.

KEVIN LYNCH

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WHEELER

(Continued from page 1051)

Professor R. M. Hartwell spoke on the myths of economic history along the lines mapped out in the 1954 volume titled *Capitalism and the Historians*, edited by Hayek. The book—which grew out of the 1951 Mont Pelerin meeting—asked whether historians are hostile to capitalism (yes), and why, and what influence they have had on public policy over the long run. Hartwell declared that anti-capitalism is irrational in nature and resists refutation in ordinary rational debate. He traced the effects of three sometimes inconsistent collectivist myths: that progress has been made at the expense of the working class, that trade unions promote progress, and that capitalism has been sustained by looting the world. Moderator Ben Rogge met the claim of incomes "injustice" by asking: If each income exchange or transfer is moral, how can the resulting income distribution be immoral? Norway's Ole Jacob Hoff noted that capitalism is itself a myth, and criticized businessmen's growing tendency to make their pile and then seek state intervention to protect their position. Larry Wimmer of the University of Colorado provoked a lively debate by arguing that we get more socialism because voters want it.

Bill Buckley's paean to Hayek, in his first address to Mont Pelerin, defies paraphrase. But everybody's favorite anecdote concerned Bill's reply when John Kenneth Galbraith told him he would be lecturing at the University of Moscow. "Oh?" Buckley said. "What do you have left to teach them?"

The last two sessions centered on Gottfried Dietze's thoughtful examination of Hayek's concepts of the rule of law, as developed in *The Constitution of Liberty*, and *Law, Legislation and Liberty*; and on Shirley Robin Letwin's elegantly written summation of Hayek's life work. Discussants at the former session were Alberto Lynch, Danny Boggs, Rhodes Boyson, and Robert Cunningham; at the latter, Leonard Read, Manuel Ayau, Israel Kirzner, and Antonio Martino.

Yet the well-toasted success of the meeting was woven of many strands, of which the formal sessions were but one. Perhaps as important in its way is the sense of camaraderie, of reunion. Such fellowship is of course much enhanced in the vicinity of the bar, which was open three times a day. There new friendships formed, foxes chased geese, and ideological fine points were discussed in ways not always bothered with in formal scholarship.

Adding to the mood were the changes of pace, the gatherings after hours to drink and talk far into the night. Conversation, that forgotten art—the meeting's photographer posted hundreds of pictures, and they almost always showed people talking to each other. I remember the Western-style cookout at the school arboretum, with kegs of beer and the Hillsdale football team, there for early practice, pressed into service to grill great slabs of steak for the guests. I remember the Latin-born girl on the staff declaring an appetizer she had slaved over for four hours to be "clam feathers." And Bill Havender interrupting a scholarly presentation to denounce an enemy point as a load of Bullshevik. And . . .

It was lovely. □

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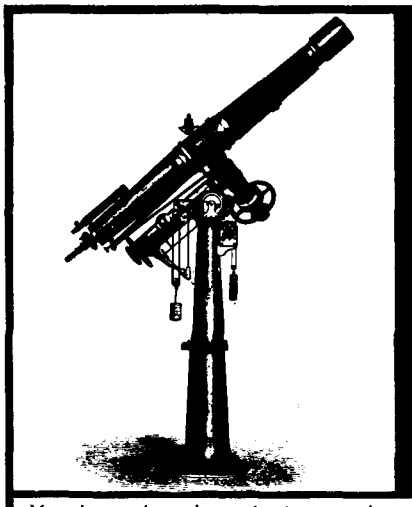

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MARK TWAIN

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VARNADO

(Continued from page 1055)

wife, he was no more available than the Ray Gun. I now found myself shifted about from office to office *in person,* and after a number of interviews with puzzled and sometimes suspicious airline officials, before whom I posed as an amused and condescending husband out to "humor the little woman," the gun was at last found. A friendly porter discovered it tucked away on top of a small refrigerator in the baggage room. After a lot of laughter, hand-shaking, form-signing and fabricated good feeling, the officials let me take my gun and go.

When I got back home and gave the gun to my wife who gave it to the baby (who was in a bad humor at the time and pushed it roughly away), I thought it a fit occasion to plunge into an oration on the stupidity of our over-protected society. Considering what she had been through, I figured the wife would join me and we could walk around the house shaking our fists and shouting at the ceiling. This sort of thing can be consoling. But no! She launched into a counter-oration on the need for Protection At Any Cost. She wanted all the protection she could get, she said. No form of protection was too humble or bizarre or fanatic when life was at stake. Hijacking, she perorated, must be stopped —*no matter how.*

I was about to explain to her the distinction between a valid principle and its overextension. Perhaps I could have convinced her. But at that moment, the baby began fussing, so she handed him to me and went after a diaper. Left holding syllogisms, enthymemes, and baby, I decided to let the matter rest.

But I still fear it will all end badly, this Protective Syndrome. I see a future in which the government has stripped us of all worldly goods worth having: clothes hangers, toothpaste, Alka-Seltzer, toasters, pencil sharpeners, and maybe even thumb tacks. It will be a Safe New World, as homey as Grand Central Station and as comfortable as a barstool. We will travel by ox cart or pogo stick (under the most rigid inspection standards), drink distilled water, and eat wild things just like Euell Gibbons.

Come to think of it, I may be overextending a principle myself. But it's the little things that count in the long run. Like Ray Guns. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Rockefeller in Damascus

New York, Sept. 6—Oh sure, Nelson Rockefeller's principal purpose in his trip to the South, where he discovered that his affection for George Wallace was like that for a fraternity brother, was politics. So what else is new? Edward Kennedy began the pilgrimage to the shrine at Montgomery two years ago, and it was hardly to be expected that politicians to the right of Senator Kennedy—which means, mercifully, about 95 per cent of all elected officials—should cavil at the hypocrisy of Nelson Rockefeller, whose opsimathy on a number of matters is not to be deplored, or condescended to, but welcomed.

It is difficult to understand why the critics automatically assume that a politician who, like Nelson Rockefeller, made his reputation substantially by his identification with the excesses of the welfare state, should not now retreat from his former position. After all, Richard Nixon was the anti-Communist fire-eater. He saw, or thought he saw, that conditions had substantially changed and, accordingly, initiated moves toward a detente with the same Mainland Chinese whose sequestration had been an article of faith for him for decades.

How can one tell that a politician is being hypocritical? Well, of course, one can't tell, not absolutely; and it is generally safe to assume that a change in direction is an indication of political opportunism. But political opportunism, in a self-governing society, is not all bad. If a politician changes from an advocate of forced busing to an opponent of forced busing on the simple grounds that the overwhelming number of his constituents black and white are opposed to forced busing, that isn't necessarily delinquent statesmanship. It is only when the tergiversation involves a genuinely seditious assault on what is clearly right and what is clearly wrong that you have moral surrender. Pontius Pilate's bending to the will of the crowd is the legendary example.

Nobody ever said Rockefeller was dumb, or that he was insensitive to critical developments. So why should he not be sensitive to the abuses of state welfarism? The very week that he went to Montgomery, Alabama, to declare his solidarity with George Wallace in criticizing indiscriminate federal welfare spending, *Time* magazine opened its obstinately liberal-minded "Domestic Affairs" section with an attack on welfare that might have appeared in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW. "If there is one thing that politicians and the public agree on"—*Time*'s editors began—"it is that the U.S. has the world's worst welfare mess. In fact, it has a monster: a system that costs some $45 billion a year at all levels of government, delivers benefits to 25 million people, and requires a quarter of a million government employees to administer it."

The American people believe in helping those who badly need help, but "practically everyone feels that welfare has become a hydra—sustaining many who do not deserve help, breeding incredible bureaucracy and inefficiency." With *Time*'s nice eye for color, it quotes New York's State Commissioner for Social Services, who recently suggested that the state might do better to "strip every third person [in the welfare bureaucracy] of his or her typewriter and telephone, encourage them to play bridge or do anything that comes into their heads—except to send out more instructions, forms, and guidelines."

It transpires that President Ford has selected Nelson Rockefeller to preside over regional inquiries into welfare reform. It would be easy to make a lot of sarcastic cracks on the order of sending out the fox to guard the chickens. But they should be resisted. My own guess is that Nelson Rockefeller's views on welfare are sharply different from what they were ten years ago. After all, the alternative is to conclude that Nelson Rockefeller is blind. Blind to facts and developments obvious to more precocious critics of social welfarism ten years ago. But why should we, to express a ten-year-old resentment, be hostile to Nelson Rockefeller's conversion? Such an attitude toward converts would have immobilized St. Paul. I myself have no greater objection to Nelson Rockefeller's leading us back from state welfarism than I would to Henry Kissinger's leading us back from detente.

When Mr. Rockefeller is through examining the system and its deficiencies, we shall see what recommendations he makes. And evaluate the profundity of his conversion. □

MEXICO WOOS THE LEFT

Mexico City, August 26 — By the standards of the Third World, the United States is miserably inhospitable to visiting chiefs of state. Way back there in our brief and glorious history, a shrewd Yankee President, or Secretary of State, designed the modest dimensions of Blair House to care for a diplomatic entourage of ten or twelve people, max. President Echeverria of Mexico couldn't begin to fit his bustling entourage into Blair House: they would have to pitch tents outside. He would get a state dinner at the White House, another dinner centered on the Secretary of State, possibly a third at which he would act as host; then, if he wanted to go to California to see Disneyland, somebody from the State Department would escort him there. But that's it. Luis Echeverria, following a tradition of hospitality one associates with the reception of Marco Polo, is on the last leg of a 14-nation tour that has taken him to China, to the Vatican, and now, finally, to Cuba.

Echeverria uses language difficult for normal people to understand. His lieutenants buzz about Mexico surreptitiously, using the standard phrase to explain it all: "*Hay que quitarles sus banderas*"—You've got to take their flags away from them. This means that if, as the president of Mexico, you use lustfully the rhetoric of the class struggle, of anti-Americanism, and of anti-capitalism, you deprive your Left critics of the means of hitting you. It is the analogue of the nineteenth century formula used by British Conservatives to appease their own ranks while pandering to the opposition: "Tory rhetoric, Whig measures." The trouble is that much of Mexico believes that whatever it is Echeverria intends with the use of his Left rhetoric, he is in

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fact inducing a Left-mindedness among his people which will not be easily deflected from doctrinaire socialism.

Consider his appearance in Havana last week, given treatment in the Mexican press comparable to the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, the sinking of the fleet at Pearl Harbor, and the landing of the first astronaut on the moon. Echeverria *actually* said, on landing in Havana, that he was paying tribute to the "solidarity" of Latin America; whereas, of course, the historical fact is that Mexico, alone, refused to close ranks with Latin America in the boycott of Castro voted by Latin Americans in 1964, back when Castro was amusing himself by sending men with hand grenades to blow up Latin American officials he disapproved of.

Then Echeverria said that, under Castro, Cuba was a "happy" country, which had recovered its "dignity"—this about a country 10 per cent of whose population, at considerable risk to life and limb, and total sacrifice of life savings, fled Cuba in order to spare themselves the kind of happiness you get in a totalitarian country in which you cannot own a Coca-Cola stand in your own name, or read a book that questions the saintliness of the dictator.

Castro was so moved by Echeverria's tarmac tribute to him and his tormented little island that he announced on the spot that he would *personally* accompany Echeverria during every moment of his four-day tour, a prospect which under normal circumstances would have caused Echeverria to blanch (four days for an ideological wheeler-dealer in a jeep with Castro is rather like four days in a confessional with Savonarola): except that Echeverria isn't allowed to pale while courting the Third World, though perhaps he has cultivated a dark blush.

POOR ECHEVERRIA. Poor Mexico. It is a lovely country, with lovely people of great dignity, and with some not uningenious ways of contriving to have their cake, and eat it too. Echeverria's admiration for the totalitarianism of Castro's Cuba was perhaps just a *little* incontinent, and in any case hardly consistent with the stigmata on his hands and side that spout great gushers of blood every time a Chilean leftist is detained on the suspicion that he seeks to introduce Castroite totalitarianism into Chile. But the Partido Revolucionario Institucional—the Bourbon dynasty of Mexico—has the country very nicely in hand, and the absence of effective political dissent is countenanced rather philosophically by the Mexican establishment, most of the dissenters included.

It is not unappreciated that, in Mexico, there is genuine political stability, a rare commodity in Latin America, and that this has meant a remarkable increase in per capita wealth in virtually all economic seasons. But that stability has required an epicene political opposition. The most critical paragraph I was able to find on Echeverria's encomium to Cuban totalitarianism, in the most anti-Communist paper in the capital, *El Heraldo*, is a monument to docility. If they had stuck one more ounce of cotton candy in that editorial writer's mouth, I do believe he would have gagged, which would have been an improvement. □

GETTING ALONG IN MEXICO

Mexico City, August 28 — Mexicans quite naturally resent the United States, for reasons good and bad. We have for many years hung ponderously over the hemisphere as the Colossus of the North. When, a generation ago, I was a schoolboy here, protocol rigidly required that we be referred to not simply as "americanos"—the Mexicans too, by geographical disposition of Amerigo Vespucci, are "Americans." Nor was it satisfactory to refer to us as "Los Estados Unidos." Because, after all, Mexico is officially called "Los Estados Unidos"—de México. They settled in those days for calling us "norteamericanos," until inflexible continental realities finally overwhelmed cultural nationalism. After all, the Mexicans are as much North Americans as we are—and as the Canadians are.

Actually, it got worse. Suddenly Mexico discovered that south of *her* border—about which less has been said in song, verse, and battle cry than about the southern boundary of the United States stretching across Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California and imposed by our jingoist great-grandparents—humble Guatemalans, when they speak about the Colossus of the North, are referring to—Mexico. That, for Mexican officials, is both flattering and cruel.

Mexico is a very big country. In some respects, it is much, much, too big. Statistics hereabouts tend to be impressionistic, but it is not disputed that Mexico today is a country of about 65 million people. Their birth rate, at 3.5 per cent per annum, is about as large as that of any country in the world. Fifty per cent of its population is under 21 years old, a huge economic burden on a very poor country. Its splendid rate of economic growth is owing to three factors. In the order of their importance: 1) political stability (i.e., a political "democracy" dominated by a single party which, although humorless in its insistence on remaining in power, is not insensitive to popular impulses); 2) a wealth of national resources; and 3) a substantial revenue from the United States of North America—the nation bounded on the north by Canada, and on the south by Mexico—from tourists and investors.

To maintain the desired rate of economic growth, Mexico counts for 10 per cent of its capital on American investors. By and large the money has been coming in, though Mexican officials were frightened last year by a certain edginess in American investment. They argued into the night whether that wariness was the result of the general depression, which hit the United States so hard; or whether it was also in part owing to the truculent anti-capitalism of President Echeverria, who, like President Richard Nixon complimenting Chou En-lai on the great socialist achievements of modern China, demands to be taken seriously by diplomats, and not at all seriously by businessmen. President Echeverria, if he could arrange it, would suppress his own speeches in selected quarters. If an ink were developed which would fade into invisibility when transcribed into English, Echeverria would joyfully use it.

ON THE OTHER HAND, there is always the problem of Mexican gravity. They are a people with a superb sense of humor who are delighted by all stories told at their expense, the only rule being that they must be told by Mexicans. Let an American try it, and suddenly you are asked to justify the war of 1846. You can try passing that off lightly, by saying some such thing as that you can't even remember that war, just as you can't quite remember the Alamo. But the odds are against you. The United States is singularly fortunate—this is the universal reading from a brief trip—to have as its ambassador a bilingual career official, John Joseph Jova, who is effective for just the right reasons. He understands and respects the Mexican people, but, with eloquence and great resourcefulness—one learns—he manages to remind his hosts that his own country has its own problems, that they are very burdensome, and that in an age where public philanthropy becomes less and less workable, private capital becomes more and more important, so that the question arises with increasing urgency: Is American capital—like the American tourist—welcome in Mexico? □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

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A. Motion-picture actor (1874-1940) — 8 114 178 154 166 146

B. A breed of chickens (not subversive!) — 19 128 136 143 151 161 29 97 131 192 / 207 14 88 116

C. A province of Canada — 30 115 6 199 155 141 80

D. Pertaining to a simpleton — 37 208 204 179 93 174

E. A type of firearm — 75 40 46 78 140 156 171 182 197 24

F. One of Paul's attendants at Ephesus — 54 144 186 157 62 96 91

G. Dull and stagnant living — 150 7 173 212 13 25 51 70 76 82

H. Imaginative projection of one's own consciousness into another being — 159 119 217 64 111 185 132

I. One of Minnesota's counties — 26 42 39 45 66 95 1 53 63 3 / 9 15 58 69

J. Preserved in certain containers — 175 120 113 57 99 10

K. A non-Catholic denomination — 198 117 162 181 17 210 73 100 193

L. Thrilling — 206 105 218 33 74 118 125 167

M. An underground passage — 38 23 176 191 56 153

N. State of being unexpected — 61 18 44 130 145 209 20 34 50 87

O. Appalling — 4 102 67 92 55

P. MILD NOGGIN — 72 2 104 188 200 81 98 112 123 180

Q. Covets — 85 121 213 203 11 101

R. A suppurative affection of the feet in certain animals — 90 148 160 109 35 168

S. This may be dug or drilled — 134 122 110 164 28 142 202

T. Talked volubly — 139 165 205 43 60 107 211

U. The second husband of Henry V's widow Catherine — 184 169 129 126 195 31 189 216 152

V. An elementary school subject — 187 21 36 49 84 94 108 127 137 219 / 16

W. Commencement — 124 27 48 65 68 77 79 89 190 41

X. A parsonage — 138 170 83 52 194 32 163

Y. A river of Southwest Asia — 149 172 158 196 106 86 183 214 133

Z. An appliance used to keep in place, or protect, an injured part — 5 201 215 103 71 22

a. Fertile in expedients — 12 47 59 135 147 177

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1070 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 I	2 P		3 I	4 O	5 Z	6 C	7 G		8 A	9 I		10 J	11 Q
12 a	13 G	14 B	15 I	16 V		17 K	18 N	19 B		20 N	21 V	22 Z	23 M	24 E	25 G	26 I		27 W	28 S
29 B	30 C	31 U	32 X	33 L	34 N	35 R		36 V	37 D		38 M	39 I	40 E	41 W		42 I	43 T	44 N	
45 I	46 E	47 a	48 W	49 V	50 N	51 G		52 X	53 I	54 F		55 O	56 M	57 J	58 I		59 a	60 T	61 N
62 F	63 I	64 H	65 W		66 I	67 O		68 W	69 I	70 G	71 Z	72 P		73 K	74 L		75 E	76 G	
77 W	78 E		79 W	80 C		81 P	82 P	83 X	84 V	85 Q	86 Y	87 N	88 B		89 W	90 R	91 F		92 O
93 D	94 V	95 I	96 F	97 B	98 P	99 J	100K	101Q		102O	103Z	104P	105L		106Y	107T	108V	109R	110S
111H		112P	113J		114A	115C	116B	117K	118L	119H	120J	121Q	122S	123P	124W		125L	126U	
127V	128B	129U		130N	131B	132H	133Y		134S	135a		136B	137V	138X		139T	140E	141C	142S
143B	144F	145N	146A		147a	148R	149Y		150G	151B	152U	153M		154A	155C	156E	157F	158Y	159H
160R	161B	162K	163X		164S	165T	166A	167L	168R		169U	170X		171E	172Y	173G	174D	175J	
176M	177a		178A	179D	180P	181K	182E		183Y	184U		185H	186F	187V	188P		189U	190W	191M
192B		193K	194X		195U	196Y	197E	198K		199C	200P	201Z	202S	203Q	204D	205T	206L	207B	
208D	209N	210K		211T	212G	213Q	214Y	215Z	216U	217H	218L	219V							

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A remarkable new device is saving two kinds of energy—elbow grease and fuel oil.

Our photograph shows you a new invention in action—a scrubbing machine, named SCAMP™. It's solving an age-old problem for Exxon and other companies who operate large ocean-going ships.

Keeping any ship's hull free of barnacles and other marine growth has always been a headache for sailors. When the growth builds up, it slows a ship down. This wastes fuel. And fuel today is valuable energy.

The traditional way to get rid of marine growth is to haul your sailboat or ship out of the water and start scraping. But that's not so easy when your ship is a tanker that stretches the length of three football fields. Dry-docking this size ship costs you time and money.

Thanks to SCAMP equipment that's no longer necessary. An affiliate of Exxon developed it to clean the hulls of big ships—while the ships are at anchor, loading or unloading.

This new device is basically remote-controlled. As it travels underwater along the hull of a ship, its three rotating brushes whisk away marine growth. It's so fast it can clean the entire hull of a supertanker in just half a day.

In today's energy-tight world, SCAMP is performing a vital service. It is making the movement of crude oil around the world more efficient and more economical.

A clean hull can reduce the fuel consumption of a large tanker. For example, in a 10,000-mile voyage, a 1,100-foot tanker could save 60,000 gallons of fuel oil.

And that's 60,000 gallons of valuable energy that can be made available for other good uses.

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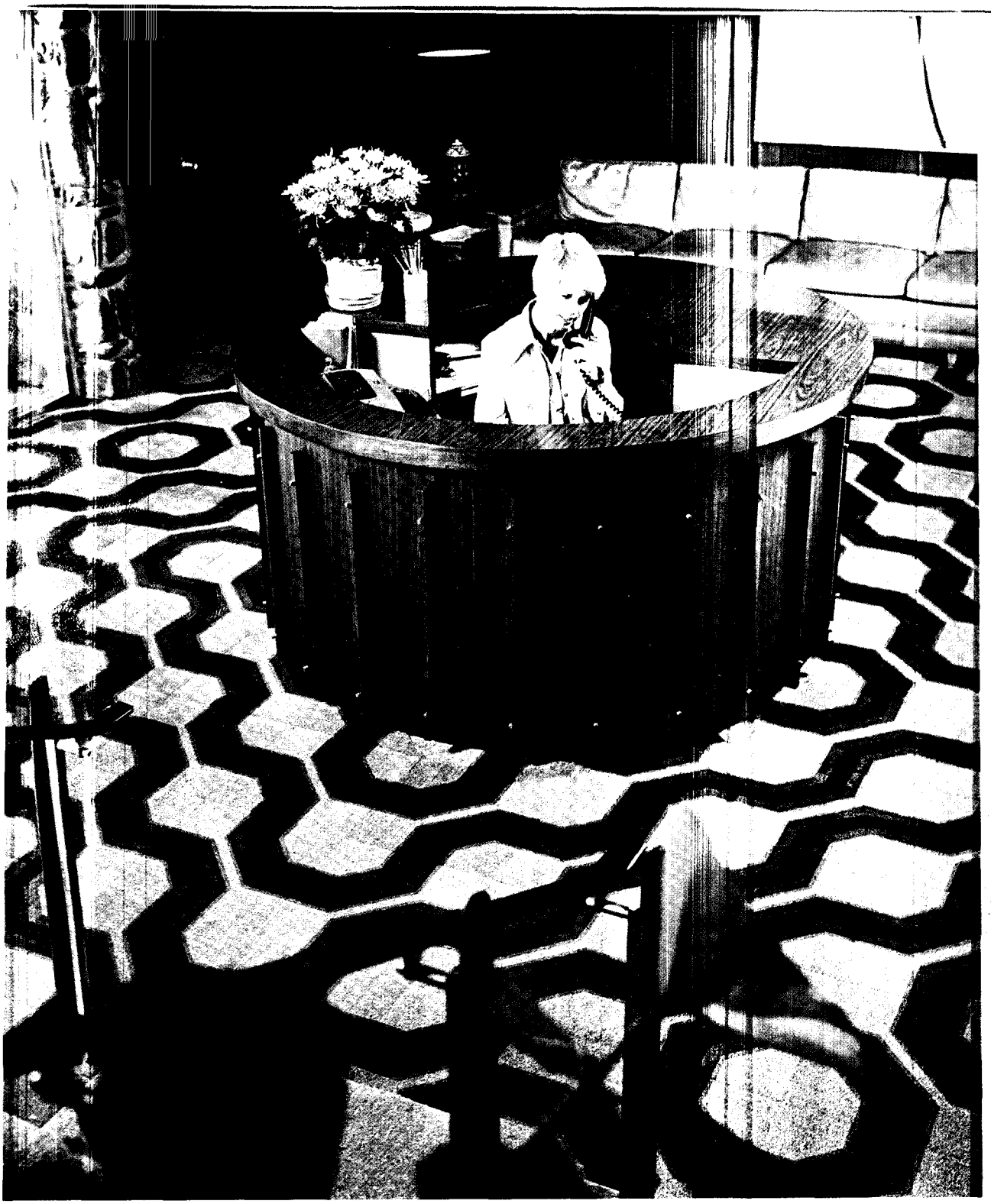

Milliken's **Flexagon** Carpet Tiles awarded **IBD** First Prize for Floor Coverings.

Once again, for the second year in a row, a major award of the prestigious Institute of Business Designers has been won by Milliken. The product honored is Flexagon, a new geometric design in Milliken's MILSTAR® Custom Squares, free-lay tiles with pile of 100% Antron® nylon. Flexagon is so versatile that, for the first time ever, an almost infinite multiplicity of patterns is provided by a single design.

Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.

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